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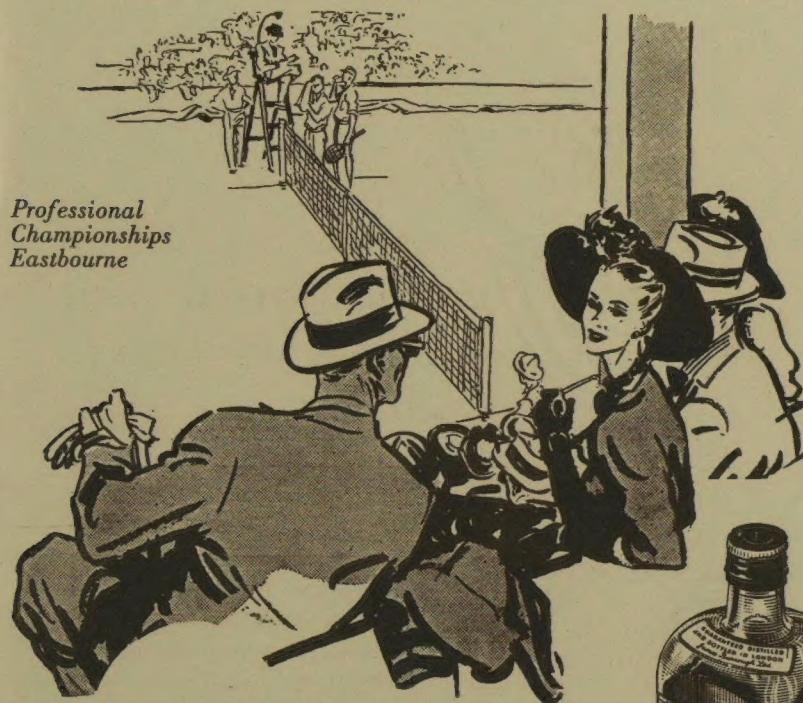
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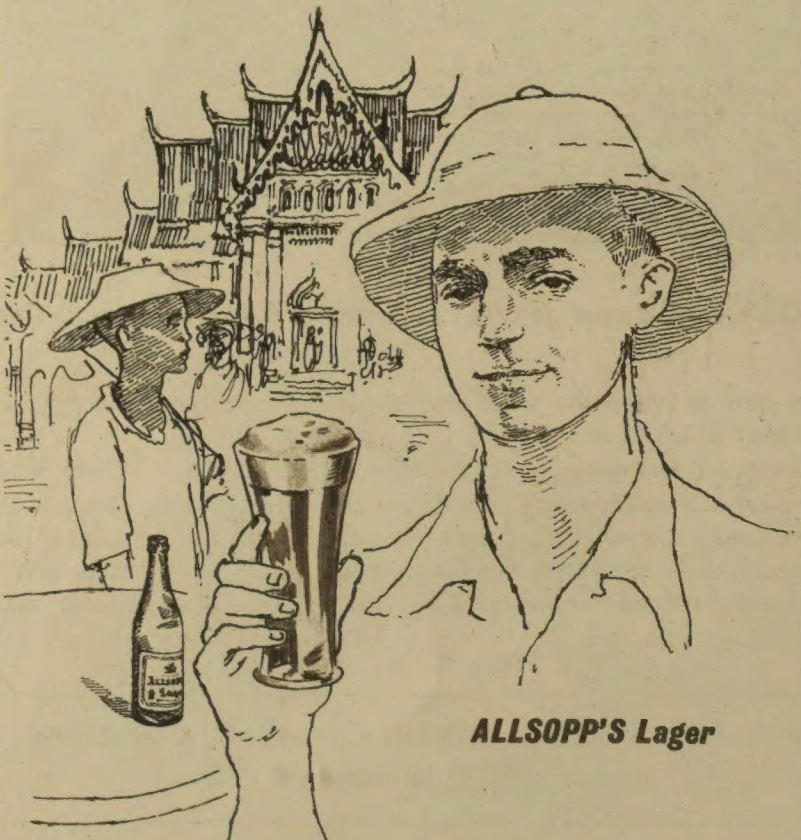


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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1952.



FIG. 1. "A MONA LISA OF 2600 YEARS AGO", THE LARGEST AND FINEST CARVED IVORY HEAD EVER FOUND IN THE ANCIENT NEAR EAST—AN ASSYRIAN POLYCHROME IVORY HEAD FOUND IN A WELL AT NIMRUD. (NATURAL SIZE.)

On pages 255-256 Professor Mallowan describes some of the outstanding discoveries made in the fourth season's excavations at Assyrian Calah, Nimrud, in Iraq. The most remarkable of these is the ivory head we show here, of which the Professor writes: "It was indeed a thrilling moment when we saw this lady emerge from the deep waters of the well where she had lain immersed in mud for more than 2600 years. Carefully we wiped away the dirt from her face, her hair and her crown. What we beheld was a thing of beauty still radiant with life. The warm brown tones of the natural ivory set against the dark black tresses of hair that framed the head combined with the soft, rounded curves of the face to give an extraordinary impression of life. The slightly parted lips appeared to have a light reddish tint; the black pupils of the eyes were encased in dark lids; the crown, fillets and stand were of a rather

darker brown than the face. Originally crown and base must have been decorated with ivory studs, of which only one remained. Full use was made of the graining of the ivory, which showed to advantage on the crown, while the cheeks were cleverly contrived to display a concentric graining where they were fullest. Large lumps of sludge which had turned to the consistency of a cement had imprisoned the head from the back and at the sides, and thus prevented a number of vertical cracks from causing the face to disintegrate. It was, in fact, this fortunate circumstance which had saved for us what may be deemed to be at once the largest and the finest carved ivory head that has ever been found in the ancient Near East. We cannot be certain of the exact time at which this head was made, but for various reasons a date of about 720 B.C. is probably not far off the mark."





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE of our leading newspapers published the other day the outlines of a most interesting report, made by the Acton Society Trust\*, on the attitude of mind of the British miner towards the management of the industry he serves. The gist of it was that the overwhelming majority of miners were under the impression that they were carrying on their backs a horde of unproductive officials who were merely a new and intensified version of the owners and their agents—"new presbyters writ large"—of whom they had got rid at the time of nationalisation. Indeed, according to this report—based on a research worker's life in a mining village—many of the miners believe that nationalisation was a cunning device of the "boss-class" to put the industry on its feet at the taxpayer's expense before returning it to the owners, re-equipped and re-capitalised, at the first convenient political opportunity. In other words, the "they" and "we" mentality—"they" being the monopolisers of political power and the enjoyers of all social and economic benefits and "we" the exploited "mugs" who sweat for "they"—appears to be as rife in the mining industry as before the war and has not been cured by nationalisation at all. Any stick, it seems, is still good enough to beat "they."

It was often said, the investigator reports, "that any woman could get a post at head office, whether she could type or not; that two men were employed full-time to empty the baskets containing the waste paper created in teaching [these women] to type; that there was at least one full-time car-cleaner who cleaned any car that stopped anywhere near the building; that there was a full-time staff of four persons and a typist dealing with transport questions which had previously been disposed of by the secretary before ten o'clock in the morning." The officials of the Coal Board, national and regional, are known by the rank and file of the industry, according to this report, as "fantailed peacocks," "glamour boys" and "little Cæsars." (Most of the miners I have met have been outspoken men, accustomed to a simple but forthright vocabulary, and I suspect that the actual phrases employed to describe these worthy and painstaking officials are even more graphic!) Twenty-five per cent. of the miners questioned, we are told, did not know the name of the chairman of the National Coal Board, 26 per cent. did not know who was the area general manager, and 74 per cent. had never seen him.

Without accepting the exact accuracy of these percentages—which in the nature of things must be a very rough-and-ready measure—the general impression presented by this report is, I suspect, correct. There does exist in the nationalised mining industry, as in other large-scale industries, a widespread and paralysing distrust of those who, however conscientiously, manage them. The report refers to "a deep suspicion of all those in authority" and "the intensity of the hatred and scorn felt for the administration." These expressions constitute a grave indictment of our present methods of national leadership—for that is what they amount to—yet I believe them, by and large, to be true. And if it be the case that our economic plight—and it is such as might at any time plunge our ancient polity and the world with it into indescribable disaster—could be remedied by a 20 or even a 10 per cent. improvement in personal productivity, and particularly in the coal industry, the necessity for some remedial action appears to be a priority of the very first urgency. What are we going to do about it? What can we do about it?

There was a story which my old housemaster used to tell of Winston Churchill when the latter was a boy at Harrow School which I have always

loved. One day this kind and worthy man—a teacher of mathematics—in despair at the stupidity of his class, wrung his hands and cried out to his pupils, "Oh, boys, boys, what shall I do with you?" "Please, Sir," piped up the voice of a small, cherubic-looking boy at the back of the class—now Prime Minister of Great Britain—"please, Sir, teach us!" And if Mr. Churchill was a coal-miner and some high official of the National Coal Board was to wring his hands in his presence and that of his mates and cry out, "Oh, dear, oh, dear, what shall I do with you men?", the reply, I think, would come, "Please, Sir, lead us!" That is, in a sense, what all those who labour in factory or mine, at desk or plough, have a right to ask from those who direct their work. For if the latter do not lead their charges, for what reason are they leaders, and of what use to the nation or anyone else except themselves is their leadership? The essence of leadership, in any free system—one, that is, in which the knout,

the concentration camp and the firing-squad are not employed to coerce obedience—is the art of making men want to follow and obey. Those who do not possess or cannot practise this art have no right to be leaders in a free country. Can those who to-day laboriously sit on their stools, or armchairs, in the offices of the National Coal Board and many another administrative concern, lay their hands on their hearts and declare that they are practising this art? And, if not, what are they, and we, going to do about it? For without leadership, and the willing hard work, loyalty and devotion to duty which true leadership evokes, our national heritage is being wasted and destroyed by default.

And the first answer is, I think, "Leave the office and get into the mine!" Leadership is, above everything else, a personal art: an art of example. Regimental officers, as part of the training which enables them to evoke willing obedience, loyalty and devotion—to the death—are expected to learn to do everything their men have to do: to handle a rifle, use a

grenade or perform a fatigue. And before they can become staff officers they have to serve as successful regimental officers. The chain of confidence—based on mutual experience of professional tasks and hardships endured and overcome—is an unbroken one from Commander-in-Chief to private. Such a chain, unhappily for the country, does not exist in the coal industry or, indeed, in any large-scale industry, except agriculture, nationalised or unnationalised. The reason why the output and industry per man is so high in agriculture compared with other industries is because the vast majority of those who manage the industry—farmers and foremen—have learnt themselves to farm the hard way, with muscle, muck and machine. The men who serve and obey them know this. One cannot get results out of ordinary men by circularising them with paper. The ordinary man is not accustomed to working through paper, any more than the ordinary woman is accustomed to running her home through paper. The advance in book education in recent years may have been rapid, but it has not been as rapid as all that! One of the complaints of the report I have mentioned is that the average miner "has not even read through a summary of the National Plan!" I do not suppose that the average soldier has read through any War Office plans for the reorganisation of the Army. But he is just as good a soldier though he has never done so. What makes him a good soldier and the efficient executant of such plans is the splendid personal leadership he receives from the officers and N.C.O.s who train him and lead him in action. Without them the principals and clerks of the War Office could get no better results from the British Army than the officials of the National Coal Board appear to get from the brave, hardy but distrustful men who work for Britain in the pits.



DECLARED NO LONGER FIT TO EXERCISE HIS CONSTITUTIONAL POWERS: KING TALAL.

On August 11, after a lengthy private meeting of the Senate and Lower House in Amman, it was announced that King Talal was no longer fit to exercise his constitutional powers and that it was useless to wait in the hopes of his recovery from his mental malady; and that Crown Prince Hussein had been proclaimed King of the Hashimite Kingdom of Jordan. This grave decision was arrived at "with the greatest sorrow" after medical reports had been considered and doctors had been questioned by a Parliamentary Committee. A Regency Council, composed of Sayed Ibrahim Hashem, chairman of the Senate; Sayed Abdul Ruhman Rousheidat, a Senator; and Sayed Souleiman Touqan, Defence Minister, will govern until the new King, now a Harrow schoolboy of seventeen, attains his majority in May, 1953. He is at present with his mother, Queen Zeine, on holiday in Switzerland. King Talal, who was much loved by his subjects, was in a Swiss clinic undergoing treatment when he came to the Throne on the death of his father, King Abdullah, in 1951. He returned last September and took the oath. Last May when he was in Paris his mental trouble developed again and on June 3 a deputising council was set up to act for him. He returned to his capital on July 3.



PROCLAIMED KING OF THE HASHIMITE KINGDOM OF JORDAN: THE FORMER CROWN PRINCE HUSSEIN.

\* "The Worker's Point of View." Published at 2s. by the Acton Society Trust, 39, Welbeck Street, London, W.1.



## IN WALES AND SCOTLAND: THE EISTEDDFOD, AND THE ROYAL HOLIDAY.



A FEATURE OF THE ROYAL WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD: THE GORSEDD OF BARDS IN SESSION WITHIN THE CIRCLE OF STONES NEAR THE NORMAN CASTLE.

The Royal Welsh National Eisteddfod opened at Aberystwyth on August 4 and ended on August 9, the total estimated attendance for the week being 160,000. This year the Bardic Crown award was withheld, as none of the twenty-one entrants in the competition was considered to have submitted a poem

worthy of it, and there was a break with tradition in staging the chief choral competition on the first day, the challenge cup and the £150 award being won by the Skewen Choral Society. The winner of the Bardic Chair competition was Mr. John Evans, a schoolmaster of Llanegryn, Merionethshire.



THE ROYAL FAMILY'S ARRIVAL AT BALLATER STATION: H.M. THE QUEEN SHAKING HANDS WITH MAJOR A. W. LESLIE, COMMANDING THE GUARD OF HONOUR.

Our photograph shows H.M. the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh with Princess Anne, and Princess Margaret with Prince Charles (the Duke of Cornwall), on arrival at Ballater Station on August 8 to spend a holiday at Balmoral Castle. The guard of honour was mounted by the 2nd Bn. The Black Watch, and was

inspected by the Duke. After the inspection Major A. W. Leslie, officer commanding the guard, with two other officers marched forward to shake hands with the Queen and other members of the Royal party. The Duchess of Kent, with the Duke of Kent, Prince Michael and Princess Alexandra, arrived later.



## A BRUTAL CRIME WHICH SHOCKED FRANCE: THE MURDER OF THE DRUMMOND FAMILY.



THE FARMER WHO DISCOVERED THE BODIES OF THE MURDERED DRUMMOND FAMILY, AND THE MOST IMPORTANT WITNESS IN THE CASE: M. GUSTAV DOMINICI (CENTRE; SMOKING CIGARETTE).



THE WEAPON WITH WHICH THE MURDERS ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN COMMITTED: A CARBINE OF AMERICAN PATTERN FOUND IN THE RIVER DURANCE, BROKEN IN THREE PIECES, AND REPAIRED BY THE POLICE FOR IDENTIFICATION PURPOSES.



MURDERED WHILE CAMPING NEAR THE VILLAGE OF LURS, ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER DURANCE: SIR JACK DRUMMOND, HIS WIFE AND THEIR DAUGHTER ELIZABETH (AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH).

EARLY in the morning of August 5 a local farmer of Lurs, in the French Alps, M. Gustav Dominici, who had heard shots during the night, discovered the bodies of Sir Jack Drummond, his wife and his eleven-year-old daughter Elizabeth by the roadside near the bank of the River Durance, where they had camped for the night with their Hillman estate car. Sir Jack Drummond, the well-known biochemist and authority on dietetics who was scientific adviser to the Ministry of Food from 1939 to 1946, had been shot twice and was lying on the far side of the road, covered with a camp-bed; his wife was found near the car and had been shot five times, and their daughter had been clubbed to death and thrown into a ditch. The crime has shocked France and the police have been making every effort to establish the identity of the murderer. The carbine with which the murder was committed has been recovered from a deep pool in the River Durance. It was in three pieces and has been repaired by the police. The funeral of the Drummond family took place at Forcalquier on August 7.



THE SCENE OF THE MURDER: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE DRUMMONDS' HILLMAN ESTATE CAR AND THE POSITION OF THE BODIES WHEN FOUND BY THE ROADSIDE.



WHERE THE DRUMMOND FAMILY WERE BURIED ON AUGUST 7: THE CEMETERY AT FORCALQUIER. THE INHABITANTS OF THE LITTLE TOWN ATTENDED THE FUNERAL.



THE FINAL SCENE IN A TRAGEDY THAT HAS SHOCKED FRANCE: A VIEW OF THE FUNERAL SERVICE IN THE LITTLE ALPINE TOWN OF FORCALQUIER.



## COWES WEEK IN PICTURES: WINNING YACHTS, AND THE DUKE AT THE HELM.



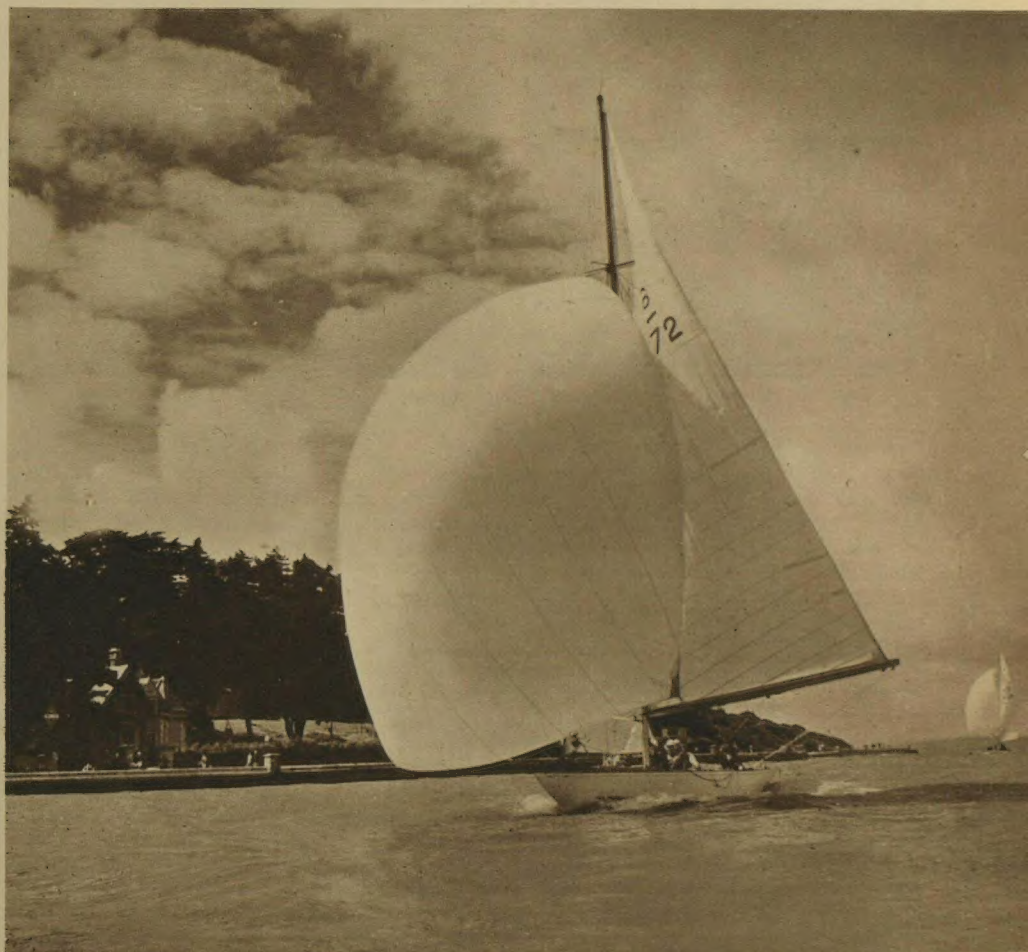
WINNER OF THE BRITANNIA CUP: CAPTAIN FRANKLIN RATSEY'S SIXTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD *ZORAIDA*, LAUNCHED IN 1888, WHICH SECURED MAXIMUM SUCCESS AT COWES BY WINNING THE FOUR HANDICAP RACES IN WHICH SHE STARTED.



ONE OF THE OUTSTANDINGLY SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS OF THIS YEAR'S COWES WEEK: MR. F. R. WOODROFFE'S *LOTHIAN*, WHICH SCORED THREE WINS DURING THE RACING.



AT THE HELM OF COWESLIP: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH COMPETING IN THE RACE FOR FLYING FIFTEENS, WITH MR. UFFA FOX, THE DESIGNER, AS CREW. HE WAS SECOND IN THE EVENT.



WITH SPINNAKER FILLED IN THE FRESH BREEZE: A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE OF MRS. H. DREYFUS'S *THISTLE*, WHICH SCORED FOUR FIRSTS IN THE 6-METRE CLASS DURING COWES WEEK, WINNING THE LORD PROVOST'S TROPHY PRESENTED BY THE CLYDE Y.C. CONFERENCE.

Cowes week opened on August 2 with the regatta arranged by the Royal Southampton Yacht Club. Then followed the Royal London Yacht Club Regatta and the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta. Events on August 9 had to be cancelled owing to the rough, bad weather, but on the earlier days splendid racing took place. The most successful yacht during the week was Major R. Clifton's *Emily II*. (not illustrated on this page), sailing in the Q or Solent handicap by rating class, for in five starts, she won five firsts. One of the outstanding features of the week was the performance of *Zoraida*, launched in 1888, which Captain Franklin Ratsey owns and sails. She won the Britannia Cup; and on another page we

give a photograph of her crew after they had received the trophy (given by his late Majesty King George VI.) from the hands of the Duke of Edinburgh. *Thistle* performed brilliantly, winning four of her five races, and *Lothian* scored three wins in her class. The Duke of Edinburgh left Oslo on August 5 by B.O.A.C. *Comet*, and by changing into a smaller aircraft at London Airport and flying to Gosport, was able to take part in the racing that day. At the helm of *Coweslip*, a wedding gift to the Queen and himself from the people of Cowes, he came in second in the race for Flying Fifteens, and was third on the next day in *Bluebottle*, in the Dragon class.



# THE THEORY BEHIND THE VOYAGE OF THE KON-TIKI.

"AMERICAN INDIANS IN THE PACIFIC. THE THEORY BEHIND THE KON-TIKI EXPEDITION": By THOR HEYERDAHL.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THERE are millions of people in the world who read Mr. Thor Heyerdahl's book about the *Kon-Tiki* Expedition. That expedition was, in relation to crossing wide seas and uncertainty of arrival, the most exciting since the first voyage of Columbus. Each voyage involved equal courage and resolution in its commander. There were differences, of course. Columbus, as some people thought, might have come to the edge of the world over which ships and men might have been tumbled by an illimitable Niagara. Heyerdahl ran other risks, being on a raft and not in a ship, and nearly came to grief on a reef which swamped his raft. But Columbus had a mutinous crew who, as week after week passed by, thought that their captain might be leading them to certain death in quest of a quite illusionary destination; whereas Heyerdahl's crew were fully informed as to the reasons for their trip, knew their geography, and were interested in the theory which their captain wished to prove. Heyerdahl's was (as the Navy has it) a happy ship. Columbus's was not. Heyerdahl's crew were fully aware that their captain wished to demonstrate a theory; Columbus's crew were not interested in Columbus's theory that if he sailed on and on he would reach the Indies (and the phrase "West Indies" persists to this day), but were probably extremely interested in their skipper's opinion that, when they reached land, they would break into an Aladdin's Cave of gold and jewels. But Columbus was primarily an adventurer and Mr. Heyerdahl is primarily a scientific man.

There are men who attempt to climb Mount Everest or survey the Polar Regions simply because they enjoy, at whatever danger to their lives, going to places where human foot has never trodden, and seeing views new to the human eye. There are other explorers, in the same or similar regions, who encounter

that (had one not known history) one might have supposed Mr. Heyerdahl to be one of these bearded old spectacled professors with bent backs who couldn't paddle a canoe at Richmond, let alone travel thousands of miles on a raft. The publisher says: "Though



CARVED WOODEN COLUMNS: (LEFT) FROM NEW ZEALAND AND (RIGHT) FROM THE NORTH-WEST COAST OF AMERICA. NOTE THE HEAD ORNAMENT, CLAIMED TO BE MASCULINE TOP-KNOT.

Photographs by Courtesy of the Dominion Museum and the American Museum of Natural History.

intended primarily for the student of anthropology, this book will be found very readable, even excitingly so, by thousands who were enthralled by 'The *Kon-Tiki* Expedition' who will want to follow in greater detail the progress of the theory which gave rise to that amazing voyage."

Well, I must say point-blank that I think that the publisher is wrong. The great majority of those readers who enjoyed the *Kon-Tiki* book would, once they had inspected a few pages of this monumental work, beg to be allowed to cross the Pacific on a raft, depending for a living on rain-water and fishing with bent pins, rather than be compelled to plod through

its interminable chapters. Enormous learning is here, vast industry and a passion for truth which must be admired in whatever department of human thought it is found. Every anthropologist and ethnologist in the world will (though by no means rapidly) devour the book. Some will agree with the author, some will disagree, some will agree to a certain extent and disagree to a certain extent. Ever since the Pacific Islands were discovered there have been divers opinions about the origins of their inhabitants, and some of them deduced from very imperfect premises. As Mr. Heyerdahl says: "A useful idea may spread beyond human relationship. We should get strange physical patterns if we were to assume that all people using outriggers descended from the same stock, or that all people keeping dogs, pigs and chickens, or eating bananas, were of the same kin. We do not deduce that the Polynesians are Melanesians because they use the Melanesian single outrigger or breed the same pig as these neighbouring tribes; why, then, should these arguments be valid as a proof of relationship between Polynesians and Indonesians?" The same thing might be said about language. The negroes in the United States talk English: had our present been the past some theorists would have jumped to the conclusion that we must have come from common stock.

I needed no convincing, when I read "*Kon-Tiki*," that the inhabitants of the Eastern Pacific had come from America; and I had long thought that all the inhabitants of America were of Mongolian stock, had crossed the Bering Straits,

and then filtered southward. Somebody "discovered" America long before Columbus or even Leif Ericsson, and a long time passed before they did it. And Mr. Heyerdahl, to me at least, proves that once more some of them sailed westward taking their art with them.

It isn't possible here even to summarise the facts and arguments in this gigantic book. It would be easier to review all those volumes of "The Golden Bough." There are hundreds and hundreds of pages of paragraphs like this: "In view of the current beliefs that the Polynesian islanders had come out of the Malay domain, Hedley, cited by Geoffrey Smith (1909, page 174), was more inclined to believe that the coconut was originally brought from the west coast of Mexico by visiting Polynesian mariners. Copeland (1914, pp. xv., xvi.) writes: 'The coconut was introduced into Polynesia a very long time ago; long in a merely human sense, however, for it is highly probable that its introduction was the act of man, and that it was a deliberate contribution to the resources of the Island World. . . . Originating in America, it must have been carried across the Pacific; and there is good linguistic evidence that its spread was in this direction.' Ridley (1930), however, and others with him, believed the coconut by itself could have drifted naturally with the current from Central America to Polynesia, and thence to Malaya. The tenability of the latter theory would immediately eliminate the coconut from the list of crop-plants which can be relied upon as evidence of early human voyages in any area. This problem, however, was successfully analysed by Edmondson (1941), who carried out tests with coconuts floating in sea-water under control at Oahu, Hawaii; Muir (1937, p. 25) had at that time shown that he found no evidence of germinating sea-borne coconuts on the coasts of South Africa. Edmondson found that most, although not all, of the coconuts he left in water for periods less than 91 to 110 days germinated, provided they were planted in soil mixed with sand. However, of eleven coconuts planted on beach sand every second one decayed, although none had been at sea more than from sixteen to forty-four days. Of the specimens which had had contact with the sea for more than 110 days not one developed, even if planted in soil mixed with sand."

The migration of peoples makes a fascinating subject, I think; and this is a great contribution to the study of them. But I confess that I am looking forward to seeing what specialist reviewers do with this book in the scientific journals, and whether, in short space, they can give their reviewers a better clue to its contents. They may, of course, dodge the issue



MR. THOR HEYERDAHL, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Thor Heyerdahl was born in Larvik, Norway, in 1914. Very early he became interested in the natural sciences, and when only seven started a one-room zoological museum. After studying zoology at Oslo University, he later specialised in researches concerning possible prehistoric American-Polynesian relations. He was the leader of the famous *Kon-Tiki* expedition.



A MONOLITHIC STATUE FROM RAIARVAE, THE TUBUAI ISLANDS, SOUTH-EAST POLYNESIA (LEFT) FOR COMPARISON WITH A MONOLITHIC STATUE FROM SAN AUGUSTIN, COLOMBIA (RIGHT).

Photographs by Courtesy of B. P. Bishop Museum, and Black Star.



danger and death because they wish to contribute something towards the betterment of our Weather Forecasts, discover something about ocean currents, or reveal, in the bleakest and most inaccessible portions of the globe, rich deposits of coal, gold or uranium which may be worked when the "back-room boys" have perfected the relevant methods of housing, heating, and transport. Mr. Heyerdahl, though he isn't apparently interested in the scientific development of the world's economic resources, must be ranked with those who do not travel for travel's sake, but with those who, at whatever peril from storm and lightning, cold and heat, waves and sharks, wish to verify a theory and contribute to knowledge.

He did warn us. He made it quite clear to the reader of "*Kon-Tiki*" that his motive in building a raft such as ancient men must have used, and drifting over the vast Pacific, was a desire to prove that the inhabitants of the East Pacific came, in just such rafts and on just such currents, from South America. But such was the enchantment of his narrative, with its alternations of gale and calm, its stories about unknown fish flopping aboard and strange monsters nuzzling around, and its ultimate terrifying wreck on a reef and survival, that it is likely that most of his readers, like myself, tended to forget the reason of his expedition in excitement about its incidents. He has now firmly reminded us.

For he has produced a volume of 800 large and crowded pages, so crowded with detail and footnotes



A CYCLOPEAN TOLTEC STONE HEAD DISCOVERED IN THE JUNGLE OF SOUTHERN MEXICO (LEFT) FOR COMPARISON WITH A CYCLOPEAN STONE HEAD OF UNIDENTIFIED ORIGIN AT MEGALITH-SITE OF PAGERLAM, SOUTH SUMATRA (RIGHT).

Photographs from National Geographic Society-Smithsonian Inst. Arch. Exp. to Mexico, 1939-40, and Hoop, 1932.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "*American Indians in the Pacific*"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, George Allen and Unwin.



(as I might have done) by concentrating on the Easter Island statues, which loom quite large here, and seem to be inspiring quite a lot of modern statuary.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 270 of this issue.

\* "American Indians in the Pacific. The Theory Behind the *Kon-Tiki* Expedition." By Thor Heyerdahl. Maps and Illustrations. (Allen and Unwin; 70s. net.)





UNVEILED BY H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL ON JULY 26: THE NEW MEMORIAL TO THE ROYAL SCOTS IN WEST PRINCES STREET GARDENS.



SITUATED ON THE PEDESTRIANS' ROUTE TO THE CASTLE, UP RAMSAY LANE FROM THE MOUND: RAMSAY GARDEN, CALLED AFTER ALLAN RAMSAY, THE POET.

#### VIEWPOINTS OF EDINBURGH FOR FESTIVAL VISITORS: A NOBLE NEW MEMORIAL AND AN ANCIENT GARDEN.

Historic aspects of Edinburgh will be admired by visitors to the sixth International Festival of Music and Drama, which opens on August 17; their attention will also be claimed by the latest addition to Edinburgh's monuments, the new Memorial to The Royal Scots, unveiled by the Princess Royal on July 26. Built with funds bequeathed for the purpose by Mr. Campbell Smith, W.S., it stands in West Princes Street Gardens. Sir Frank Mears, the architect, designed it on the lines of an ancient stone circle, with a 20-ft. pylon bearing the badge of the Regiment, flanked by

monoliths decorated with appropriate designs in low relief, and linked by bronze grilles with medallions representing the Sovereigns whom the Regiment has served during the three centuries. Mr. C. d'O. Pilkington Jackson was consulting sculptor, and made the grille and one monolith. Four other sculptors worked on the other monoliths. Picturesque corners of Edinburgh include Ramsay Garden, reached from Ramsay Lane by pedestrians climbing to the Castle; and notable for the ancient houses and ironwork, and, on clear days, the view of the Forth. It is called after Allan Ramsay, the elder.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU, IN EDINBURGH.





# THE SETTING FOR AN OPENING CEREMONY OF THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL TO BE ATTENDED BY THE

H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh has arranged to take part with forty-five Ambassadors, Ministers and High Commissioners of the nations of the world in the opening ceremonies of the Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama on August 17. Following the service in St. Giles' Cathedral, the distinguished visitors are to assemble

on the Castle Esplanade, where the ceremony of welcome and the unfurling of the flags of the nations represented is due to take place. His Royal Highness and the Ambassadors are to occupy the East Stand facing the main gateway and the most, in front of which will be ranged the national flags ready to be unfurled after the Lord

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

# DUKE OF EDINBURGH: THE CASTLE ESPLANADE DURING THE WEEKLY CEREMONY OF BEATING RETREAT.

Provost has officially welcomed Edinburgh's Royal visitor. His Royal Highness is then to address the audience of approximately 8000 people, followed by two of the visiting Ambassadors and a High Commissioner. The proceedings are to close with the singing of a Scottish Psalm and the National Anthem. Our Artist shows

BRYAN DE GRINEAU, IN EDINBURGH.

the setting for this ceremony with the Pipes and Drums of The Royal Scots beating Retreat, a weekly ceremony which draws a large crowd of Edinburgh citizens and visitors to the capital. The most and main gateway of the Castle are seen on the right, with the Half Moon Battery above.





**HISTORIC EDINBURGH: PARLIAMENT SQUARE, SHOWING THE COURTS OF JUSTICE (R.) AND THE SOUTH**

Edinburgh, beautiful and historic capital of Scotland, is the setting for the Sixth International Festival of Music and Drama which is to be held from August 17 to September 6. We reproduce above our Artist's impression of Parliament Square, the space to the south of St. Giles' Cathedral, which was originally the cemetery of

the church. A square stone set into the pavement, nearly opposite the south transept, engraved "I.K. 1592" indicates the supposed grave of John Knox. But as far as it is possible to determine, the Scottish reformer's last resting-place is under the present site of the monument to Charles II., whose equestrian statue, erected in 1665,

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



**SIDE OF ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL (L.), WITH CHARLES II. RIDING HIS CHARGER BETWEEN THE GREY STONE WALLS.**

is made of lead and was cast in Holland. Parliament House, on the south side of the Square, was completed in 1640, but the original Gothic facade was replaced in 1829, after a fire, by the present facade in Italian style. The building, in which the Scottish Parliament met until the Union in 1707, is now used by the Courts of

Justice and is open to visitors. During Session advocates and writers can be seen

pace up and down, waiting for cases to be called. This year the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the Rt. Hon. James Miller, sent invitations to sixty-six world Ambassadors, resident in London, to come to Edinburgh for the opening of the Festival.

BRYAN DE GRINEAU, IN EDINBURGH.



# IVORIES OF UNSURPASSED MAGNIFICENCE— THE FINEST AND LARGEST FROM THE ANCIENT NEAR EAST—DISCOVERED IN THIS SEASON'S EXCAVATIONS AT NIMRUD.

By PROFESSOR M. E. L. MALLOWAN, D. Lit., F.S.A., Professor of Western Asiatic Archaeology at the Institute of Archaeology, University of London, and Director of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq.

The progress of the excavations at Nimrud, the ancient Assyrian Calah, since 1949, has been described by Professor Mallowan in four previous issues of "The Illustrated London News," July 22 and 29, 1950, and July 28 and August 4, 1951. The work has been conducted under the auspices of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq and directed throughout by Professor Mallowan. In the following article he describes the results of the fourth campaign in the spring of 1952. The expedition was generously supported by the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and there were munificent grants from the Gertrude Bell Memorial Fund, the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, and the Griffith Institute, Cambridge University, the City Museum and Art Gallery of Birmingham, and the Australian Institute of Archaeology, Melbourne. The Iraq Petroleum Company provided machinery for the digging of a well, in which the finest ivories were found, and Imperial Chemical Industries supplied roofing material to protect the sculpture and the monuments.

EVER since 1948 the Expedition to Nimrud has returned each spring to continue with the excavations in the great military acropolis of Assyrian Calah where, between 880 and 612 B.C., many of the finest treasures of Assyria were concentrated and guarded by the might of Assyrian arms. This year the Expedition's persistence was rewarded by historical and archaeological discoveries of supreme importance. With the assistance of hydraulic apparatus we were able to reach the bottom of a deep well built by King Assur-nasir-pal II., 883-859 B.C., at which we had begun work in the previous season. This well was lined with burnt bricks inscribed with the king's name, and was 83 ft. 6 ins. in depth. There were 330 courses of brickwork in all. Water-level was reached at just over 67 ft., and from here down to the lowest course we entered a belt of rich sludge of the consistency of wet plaster of Paris, and clean as a fine China-clay. This was due to the fact that the earth at that depth had been cleaned and refined by the rise and fall of the water table during the flood season for over 2600 years, and the soil thus cleaned had provided a protective coating for various kinds of perishable objects which would otherwise have disintegrated completely. Here were found thick coils of old rope which at first we thought our workmen had accidentally dropped into the well, but that the rope was actually Assyrian was proved by the fact that in this same belt of sludge we found nearly 100 clay vases, many of their necks still tightly bound. These vases seem to have been suspended in clusters and when, owing to repeated use, the wet rope by which they were drawn up became frayed, dropped simultaneously into the water. Thanks to these repeated accidents we discovered also bits and pieces of the old Assyrian wooden derrick, and solid Assyrian pulley-wheels made of mulberry wood.

Many of the small incidental finds in the well were no less interesting; they included such things as shell beads, buttons and various ornaments, but none of them could compare in beauty with the marvellous ivories still preserved in their original colour, the finest of their kind ever discovered. The first masterpiece, illustrated on the front page of this issue, is the head of a maiden, 6½ ins. high; that is to say, about a third of life size, in polychrome ivory (Fig. 1). . . . so large an ivory had to be carved from near the base on an exceptionally big elephant's tusk, and even so the head was a mask, concave at the back. The nose had been fractured in antiquity and part of the right side of the base was missing, but we may be thankful that so much had been preserved. This object, an antiquity beyond price, is now in the Iraq Museum, Baghdad, where it is being cleaned by the expert hand of Sayyid Akram Shukri. Such delicate objects have indeed to be nursed back to life and after the first dangerous stage of their journey is over—the early weeks after they emerge from the soil—they

have still to undergo a slow and delicate treatment in the laboratories.

Two other ivories, both of them chryselephantine, found in the same well were again supreme examples of the ivory carver's art and their conservation provided us with many moments of anxiety. The better-preserved of these two decorative

objects is now in the Iraq Museum, Baghdad; the second, a duplicate, but with the base slightly damaged, belongs to the School and is now in London, where it has been possible for *The Illustrated London News* to make a coloured photograph of it. (See colour plate and text beneath.)

For what purpose were these two beautiful ivories made? Now that they have been torn from their

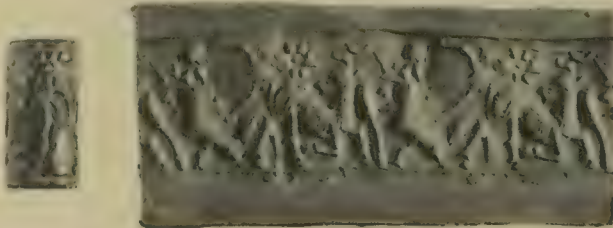


FIG. 2. THE IMPRESSION OF A BROWN STONE CYLINDER SEAL FOUND IN A ROOM OF THE BURNT PALACE. IT SHOWS A KNEELING BOWMAN SHOOTING AN IBEX; AND A SUN AND A CRESCENT MOON APPEAR IN THE BACKGROUND.

original setting we can only guess the answer, but we know that they were intended to be fitted to something else, for there are two dowel holes at the top and bottom of each ivory (clearly visible in an X-ray photograph) as well as a fitter's mark. I am inclined to think that they may have been a part of the Assyrian king's throne, perhaps side pieces either to the arms or to the back panel, and near the top, for the sides taper upwards. If they belonged to a single



FIG. 3. A DELIGHTFUL GROUP OF SMALL METAL DOGS, THE OUTER PAIR LOOKING DISTINCTLY MODERN IN BREED. THE CENTRE FIGURE IS DISTINCTLY CATLIKE IN POSE, BUT THE ASSYRIAN CUSTOM WAS TO BURY DOG EFFIGIES UNDER THE DOORSTEP TO SCARE AWAY SPIRITS OR DEMONS.

piece of furniture their proper position would have been at the side, for both scenes face in the same direction and it is therefore artistically improbable that they were both visible at one and the same time.

We may also guess that one and the same artist made both the "Lady at the Well" and these two plaques, if only for the reason that we have the feeling of a great individual temperament as well as an unrivalled craftsman's genius latent in all of them. Technically, too, we may note that the little concentric circles of graining on the Ethiopian's shoulder



FIG. 4. AN ELECTRUM PLAQUE FOR A HORSE'S CHEEK-PIECE AND BIT, WITH THREE CIRCULAR LOOPS FOR THE REIN RINGS—IN THE FORM OF A GALLOPING HORSE. SUCH CHEEK-PIECES ARE KNOWN FROM CARVINGS ON ASSYRIAN MONUMENTS, WHERE THEY ARE WORN BY HORSES DRAWING CHARIOTS, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST ACTUAL PIECE WHICH HAS BEEN FOUND. FROM ASSUR-NASIR-PAL'S WELL—ABOUT 5½ INCHES LONG.

are matched by the similarly selected graining on the lady's cheek. Whoever made the plaques was inspired by the high accomplishments of Egyptian art, but this artist was no Egyptian: he was probably a man from Mesopotamia, or maybe from Syria, a master-worker for the king who must rank among the great craftsmen of all time. Many other ivories of outstanding excellence were found in the same well and

were obviously contemporary pieces made by other hands. (See Figs. 11, 13, 14, 19, 26, and 29; and text on pages 255-256.)

Amongst the variegated assortment of objects associated with the ivories in the well there is little that pleases more than the miniature bronze models of dogs, standing, walking, sitting, with curly tails cocked over their backs; they are lively creatures full of character, clearly the domestic breeds favoured by the Palace at the time (Fig. 3). These little animals may originally have been intended for some magical purpose, for it is known that the Assyrians made a practice of burying clay dogs on either side of the doorway into their houses in order to drive away evil spirits. Sometimes these dogs had their names inscribed on their bodies: one of them which has been in the British Museum for many years was called "Don't stop to think, bite him!"

How all these objects came to be lying in the well offers scope for conjecture, but there are some clues to enable us to reconstruct the sequence of events. The archaeological evidence obtained from many different places in the acropolis of Nimrud has led to the conclusion that there was a revolution and a sacking of the inner city which caused the simultaneous destruction of many of the buildings. This event probably happened at the end of Sargon's reign in 705 B.C., at which time the "Burnt Palace" was wholly and the N.-W. Palace partially destroyed by fire. It seems probable that the precious fragments of ivories and the other small objects were thrown into the well in the N.-W. Palace when order was re-established in Sennacherib's reign, and some attempt was then made to restore a part of the domestic wing. We may suspect that broken pieces of furniture were at the time lying about, strewn in haphazard fashion within the Royal apartments, any of them partly covered in mud. The messy condition of many of these objects is shown, for example, by the strip of ivory furniture (Fig. 29), the design of which was at the time of its discovery largely hidden under a lump of bitumen. The well had probably fallen into disuse and was conveniently used as a refuse pit. The scavenging party that dealt with the debris had

no interest in works of art and probably threw down baskets-full of debris without bothering to see what was embedded within the dirt. The rooms had been stripped of their roof-beams and a winter's rain would have been sufficient to accumulate a deep layer of mud from the fallen mud-brick walls which, after the sack, must have

encumbered the Palace floors. The contemporary set of ivories found in the "Burnt Palace," a large building situated at the south-east end of the acropolis, adjacent to the temple of Nabu, was another rich treasure trove which had survived total destruction for a different reason. Here the firing of the building had caused the roof to collapse and had had the effect of hardening many of the ivories, which have a shiny black appearance. Many beautiful little heads discovered in the previous campaign were described in *The Illustrated London News* last year. Some notable additions were made during the last campaign, mostly from rooms XXXIX. and XXIII. of the same building. (See Figs. 5-10, 12, 15-17, 22-25; and text on pages 255-256.)

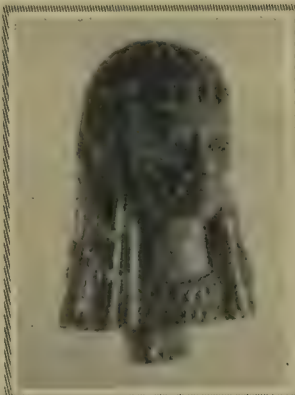
The excavation of the great building in which these remarkable pieces were discovered is now nearing completion. It is oblong in plan, over 30 metres across at its southern end and more than 60 metres in length. Some very important evidence of stratification has been discovered which cannot be discussed in detail here, but has a close bearing on the date of the ivories. The original building is now known to have been the work of Assur-nasir-pal II., and of Shalmaneser III. Later on it was pulled down and rebuilt over the old foundations, with some slight modifications at its eastern end. What has been described as the throne room (VIII.) possessed decorated recut stone thresholds with rosettes and other designs strongly reminiscent of Sargon's Palace at Khorsabad. In debris which can be attributed to the destruction of this building were found fragments of letters addressed to that king. In addition, broken brick stamps inscribed with his name were found in the debris of a house at a higher level on the south side of the building. The collection of ivories is stratigraphically associated with the reconstructed "palace" to which the decorated thresholds certainly, and the inscribed bricks probably, belonged. There is therefore every reason to believe that this lot of Nimrud ivories was still in use in Sargon's reign and it may well be that many of them were made to that king's order.



## IVORY PORTRAITS OF ASSYRIAN COURT LADIES, FOUND AT NIMRUD.



FIG. 5. A GIRL'S HEAD, WITH POMEGRANATES ON THE BROW, SYMBOLS OF FERTILITY. BLACKENED IVORY—FROM THE BURNT PALACE—ACTUAL SIZE.



FIGS. 6 AND 7. WITH LONG TRESSES, FILLET ON BROW AND DOUBLE NECKLACE—FRONT AND PROFILE VIEWS. BLACKENED IVORY—FROM THE BURNT PALACE—ACTUAL SIZE.



FIGS. 8 AND 9. WITH POMEGRANATE TASSELS, ROSETTES ON FILLET AND DOUBLE EARRINGS—FRONT AND PROFILE. BLACKENED IVORY—BURNT PALACE—ACTUAL SIZE.



FIG. 10. THE ONLY MALE HEAD, WITH THICK ETHIOPIAN FEATURES AND HEAD-DRESS LIKE AN EGYPTIAN CROWN. BLACKENED IVORY, ACTUAL SIZE.

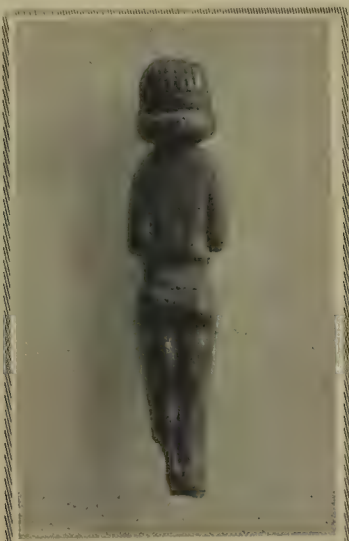


FIG. 11. FROM ASSUR-NASIR-PAL'S WELL: A DELIGHTFUL NUDE MINIATURE—BACK VIEW. CARVED OUT OF BONE. SEE ALSO FIG. 14 FOR FRONT VIEW.

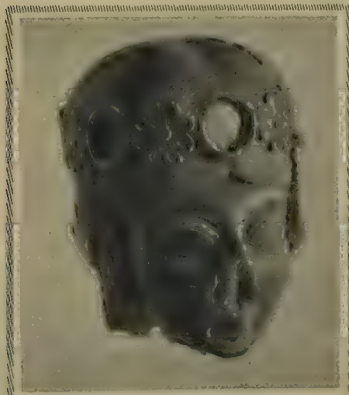


FIG. 12. WITH LOTUS HEAD-DRESS, INSET WITH GOLD DISCS, AND LOOSELY-TIED TRESSES. BLACKENED IVORY—FROM THE BURNT PALACE—ACTUAL SIZE.



FIG. 13. ONE OF THE FINEST OF THE IVORY HEADS—ACTUAL SIZE. THE HAIR IS PARTED, A NECKLACE IN RELIEF CARRIES PENDANTS IN GOLD INLAY. EYES AND BROWS WERE ALSO INLAID. FROM THE WELL.



FIG. 14. THE FRONT VIEW OF THE NUDE (FIG. 11), IN AN ATTITUDE OF DEDICATION WITH HANDS HELD AT THE BREAST. DELICATELY CARVED—ACTUAL SIZE.



FIG. 15. WITH LOW, BEADED CROWN AND DOUBLE NECKLACE, WEARING LONG TRESSES. EYES ORIGINALLY INLAID. BLACKENED IVORY—ACTUAL SIZE.

THE ivories found in Assur-nasir-pal's capital during the recently concluded fourth season of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq fall into two groups: those preserved in the sludge of Assur-nasir-pal's well (which include the superb head shown in our frontispiece, Fig. 1, and the lion-and-Ethiopian pair of which one is shown on our colour plate); and those blackened but preserved by fire in the Burnt Palace. Concerning the remainder found in the well, Professor Mallowan writes: "Fig. 13 was the second-largest head in the collection; it is in three-quarter relief of a fine-grained brown ivory. This lady is no beauty, perhaps because the mouth was left unfinished for fear of fracturing the entire head. She wears four strings of beads, from which are suspended a row of disc-pendants originally filled with gold; the gold still survives in one of them. The nose is broken away; eyes and eyebrows must once have been filled with coloured incrustation. Apart from the 'Lady at the Well' (Fig. 1), no larger ivory head has been found elsewhere in the ancient Near East. Fig. 19 is the head of a roaring lion, another masterpiece which, like the two plaques, might once have been fitted to the arms of a throne. We may note the nicked, spotted tongue and the pair of 'Oriental warts' on the forehead punctured perhaps in order to take bristles. This peculiar rendering of the lion's head influenced Greek art a century later on, and finds an interesting parallel in a bronze lion from Samos. Miniature carvings are represented by two superb pieces, of which one is shown in Figs. 11 and 14. This is remarkable for the perfect modelling of the back, a miniature *tour de force*. It is a nude maiden in the Babylonian posture of dedication to the god, hands held to the breasts; her hair is short and curled at the sides. Remarkably similar figures were found at Babylon in blue frit, half-a-century ago. Fig. 29 is an ivory plaque finely carved on either side with a mythological scene depicting two bearded, kneeling figures holding on to bands



FIGS. 16 AND 17. WITH A FILLET OF LOTUS-BUDS AND LONG TRESSES—AN APPARENT PORTRAIT, FRONT AND PROFILE. BLACKENED IVORY—FROM THE BURNT PALACE—ACTUAL SIZE.

which are tied to the sacred tree. This may perhaps represent the bedecked Assyrian 'Maypole' which appears to have played an important part in the Assyrian New Year Festival. Fig. 26, a fragment of an ivory *pyxis*, or ointment-box, also from the well, depicts a procession of empanelled females who may perhaps be represented as taking part in the same celebrations. This beautiful piece is of especial interest because it proves conclusively that some of the ivories in the well are identical in style to those found in the 'Burnt Palace,' a collection known to have been placed there not earlier than the reign of King Sargon (722-705 B.C.). It is also obvious that the style of hair-dressing affected by the 'Lady at the Well' herself is precisely similar to that depicted on some of the 'Burnt Ivories,' another indication that the objects from the well in the N.-W. Palace are of the same date as those sometimes known as the 'Lotus group' from the 'Burnt Palace.' Concerning the ivories from the Burnt Palace, Professor Mallowan writes: "Figs. 5-10, 12, 15-17,

illustrate a remarkable series of heads, with one exception female, that would seem to portray the many and varied types of female beauty gathered together for the king's pleasure from distant parts of the Assyrian empire. The different styles of hair-dressing, the floral fillets and crowns which surmount these heads, are also of great interest. We may note the lotus-buds on Figs. 16-17; low crown and jewellery on Fig. 15, with oval face and pursed lips; golden centre-piece and rosette fillets on the beautifully-dressed head in Fig. 12; the gentle little, Madonna-like head with long tresses of hair of Figs. 6-7; the handsome, bold-faced courtesan with the pomegranate headcloth, a symbol of fertility, of Figs. 8-9. The only male head is shown in Fig. 10, with long ringlets of hair at the side and a high, conical crown which may possibly be a Phœnician rendering of the Pharaoh's crown. No less striking as examples of ivory carving

[Continued overleaf, left centre.]



# SWIMMING MAIDENS, IVORY ANIMALS, AND OTHER TREASURES OF ASSYRIA'S KING.



*Continued.*

a line of calves fixed along its outer perimeter. Between the animals are clumps of vegetation and on the front edge rosettes in relief. The calves were affixed by means of ivory or wooden tenons dowed into their bases. These trays probably rested on wooden tables, the stone bases for which have been found along the walls of the building. Fig. 24 shows another ivory tray in a fragmentary condition; it has a rosette centre originally overlaid with gold, and dowel-holes to carry the ivory

*[Continued below, right.]*



(ABOVE.)  
FIG. 18. THE  
IVORY TORSO  
OF A MAIDEN  
SWIMMING,  
PUSHING A  
BOWL—PRO-  
BABLY FOR  
COSMETICS.  
NEARLY 5 INS.  
LONG.  
BLACKENED  
IVORY—FROM  
THE BURNT  
PALACE.



FIG. 20. ANOTHER IVORY SWIMMING MAIDEN OF THE SAME PURPOSE AS FIG. 18. ABOUT 7 INS. LONG AND DONE IN THE ROUND. FROM THE BURNT PALACE, UNEVENLY BURNT AND NOW GREY SHADING TO BLACK.

*Continued.*  
from the 'Burnt Palace' were the animal figures; a roaring lion in relief (Fig. 22), and a little calf with head turned back (Fig. 23), are typical. Several similar specimens of ivory calves had previously been found in the same building, but not until this season did we know of their original setting. Fig. 25 shows half of a circular ivory tray with

*[Continued above.]*

FIG. 19. THE BRILLIANTLY VIGOROUS IVORY HEAD OF A ROARING LION—FROM ASSUR-NASIR-PAL'S WELL. NOTE THE FINE SCORING OF THE MANE AND THE STIPPLED TONGUE. COMPARE WITH THE LIONESS ON THE COLOURED PLATE.



FIGS. 21, 22 AND 23. AN IVORY POMEGRANATE, A FERTILITY SYMBOL, BURNT WARM BROWN; A RAMPANT, ROARING LION PLAQUE; AND AN IVORY CALF, COUCHANT, WITH HEAD TURNED BACK. ALL ACTUAL SIZE.

*Continued.*

ornaments which once stood on top of it. The edge of this tray is beautifully carved with figures of ostriches running between palm-trees, a scene more appropriate to the fringes of Babylonia than to Assyria."



(ABOVE.) FIG. 24. THE EDGE OF A CIRCULAR IVORY TRAY, DOWELLED TO CARRY ANIMAL FIGURES, LIKE FIG. 25. THE EDGE CARRIES A DESIGN OF OSTRICHES AND PALM-TREES. BURNT—ABOUT NATURAL SIZE.

(LEFT.) FIG. 25. AN IVORY TRAY FRAGMENT, BURNT, NEARLY 5 INS. DIAMETER, WITH ROSETTES ON THE EDGE, AND CARRYING COUCHANT IVORY CALVES. THE PURPOSE OF THESE TRAYS IS OBSCURE.



FIG. 26. A FRAGMENT FROM AN IVORY *pyxis*—FROM ASSUR-NASIR-PAL'S WELL: A PROCESSION OF MAIDENS, ONE CARRYING A LOTUS. ACTUAL SIZE.



FIG. 27. AN IVORY COMB FOUND IN THE BURNT PALACE. 2600 YEARS OLD, IT IS EXCELLENTLY PRESERVED AND RESEMBLES THOSE USED IN IRAQ TO THIS DAY. ABOUT ACTUAL SIZE.



FIG. 28. A SHELL, POLISHED, ENGRAVED IN CIRCLES AND WITH A METAL STUD, PRESUMABLY USED AS AN ORNAMENT. ONE OF MANY.

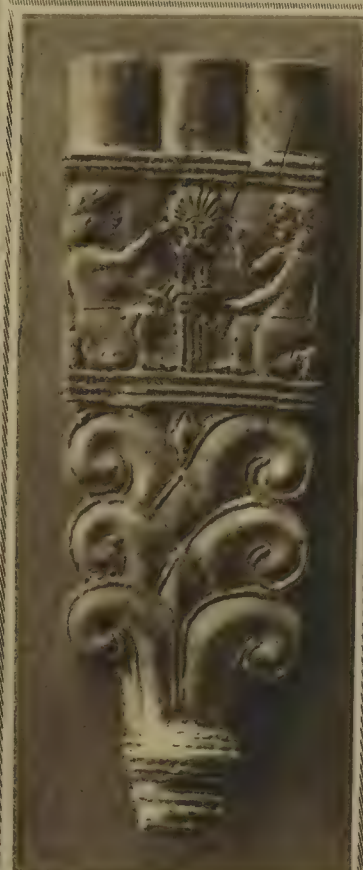


FIG. 29. AN EXCEPTIONAL IVORY FRAGMENT FROM THE WELL, SHOWING TWO BEARDED, KNEELING FIGURES ON EITHER SIDE OF THE ASSYRIAN "MAYPOLE."

N.B.—Colour Supplement included here.





RECENTLY FOUND IN ASSUR-NASIR-PAL II.'S WELL AT NIMRUD: THE MASTER WORK OF A GREAT ARTIST OF 2600 YEARS AGO: IVORY, GOLD, LAPIS LAZULI AND CARNELIAN IN A BRILLIANT MINIATURE SCULPTURE OF A LIONESS KILLING A NUBIAN IN A FIELD OF LOTUSES. (NATURAL SIZE.)

As well as the wonderful head illustrated on our frontispiece, Professor Mallowan has just found in the sludge of the well built by Assur-nasir-pal II. at his capital, Calah (modern Nimrud), two identical, exquisite and wonderfully preserved ivory carvings. The better-preserved is in the Iraq Museum at Baghdad; the other belongs to the British School of Archaeology in Iraq, and "The Illustrated London News" has been privileged to produce the above coloured plate, actual size, and in all the warmth and brilliancy of its actual polychrome. Concerning this ivory and its fellow, Professor Mallowan writes: "Each of the two brilliantly made miniatures is just over 4 ins. in height: incredible lightness of touch and technical ingenuity have gone to the making of these two ivories, and the work has been crowned by the sensitive understanding of a great artist. The scene consists of a lioness in the act of killing an Ethiopian, who leans backwards, arms to the ground, head bent as far as it can go while the neck is proffered to the beast. This is the moment immediately before death, and one may wonder if the Ethiopian is not enjoying the ecstasy of sacrifice, for there is no sign of agony on his perfectly-drawn features. Only a great ivory master could have carved so small a head with such consummate skill. No less striking than the centrepiece is the background to this dramatic scene, which takes place in a meadow of blue and red lotus flowers, their stems leaning in alternate directions left and right to give the impression of motion before the wind. The blue lotus flower consists of lapis lazuli incrustation, and the alternating red of polished, dome-shaped carnelians serrated at the base to engage with the teeth of the gilt ivory calyces. The delicate operation of cleaning this ornament was entrusted to the skilled hands of Dr. H. J. Plenderleith, a part of whose technical report we have been allowed to quote here. 'The miraculous preservation of this superb object after a sojourn of over 2000 years in a well, was evidently due to the accretions of a fine clay that built up around the specimen, protecting it from mechanical damage and from violent change in humidity and temperature. The deep cracks in the ivory seen in an X-ray photograph had their origin at the back, or external side, of the tusk, and by good fortune were scarcely apparent on the decorated side. That the object survived the ordeal of excavation without disintegration is due solely to the care expended in controlling humidity during

this crucial time so that the change to museum conditions was accomplished with the minimum of strain. Some interesting points of technique were revealed in the course of the cleaning of the ivory. The human figure was evidently intended to represent a negroid type and an effect of crisp, curly hair was obtained by fixing gilt-topped ivory pegs into the head, which was possibly stained black beforehand. The figure of the lioness is embellished with a lapis disc on the forehead and curved channels at either side may once have borne similar inlays. As regards the floral canopy, the gold leaf was applied before the inlays so that when these were inserted the effect was as of precious stones set in gold cloisons. An interesting feature of the lapis inlays was their thinness compared with the depth of the cells which they occupied, necessitating the presence of a bedding layer to fix them in position at a level comparable with the cloisons. This foundation layer was found to be a species of mortar consisting of a mixture of calcium carbonate and blue powdered frit. Lapis dust may have been present, but granular frit preponderated, and it seems probable that a lime frit putty was employed as an adhesive foundation for the lapis. The residual blue stain in the empty cells is caused by this frit and not by the decay of lapis lazuli inlays. To attach the gold to the ivory another adhesive was used, undoubtedly of organic origin, the thinnest smear remaining clearly visible, however, under the microscope, as a brownish film which swelled in water. That a reversible colloid should have survived from such antiquity is remarkable and due, no doubt, to the coherent film of gold which had protected it from exposure to air and moisture throughout the ages.' In spite of the loss of the greater part of the gold overlay and blue and red incrustation, this ornament still gives the effect of a faceted polychrome jewel. When it was finished most of the ivory in the floral background was overlaid with these three colours, which were offset by the polished ivory bodies of the two central figures over the lapis-lazuli-incrusted base. The gleaming golden loin-cloth of the Ethiopian, closely moulded to his body, the golden spikelets of his hair, and a little incrustation on the arms provided an effective contrast to the powerfully carved lioness, whose left fore-leg held her victim in the embrace of death. The upper arm and both wrists were once decorated with coloured incrustation, either lapis or carnelian."





SHOWING THE LAWNS: CHARTWELL, "A GRACIOUS YET GENIALLY UNPRETENTIOUS HOUSE," POSSIBLY ORIGINALLY A SMALLISH SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MANSION.



WHERE THE PRIME MINISTER ENJOYS OPEN-AIR BATHING: THE SWIMMING-POOL IN THE GROUNDS OF CHARTWELL, MR. AND MRS. CHURCHILL'S COUNTRY HOME.



LOOKING TOWARDS THE WOODED FRINGE OF THE ESTATE FROM ACROSS THE SWIMMING-POOL: A VIEW SHOWING RHODODENDRONS IN FLOWER.

CHARTWELL, Westerham, Kent, is the country home of the Prime Minister and Mrs. Winston Churchill; and a National Trust property. It is "a gracious yet genially unpretentious house," to quote Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis's description of it in Vol. II. of his "In Trust for the Nation"; and, as he rightly points out, "Few places of whatever period can be so thoroughly soaked with their master's personality as is Chartwell. None, I think, can have a flavour more complex or more piquant..." A wing of the building, he explains, is given over to secretaries and files, books and the production of books; there are two large studios stacked and decked with paintings; an impressive stretch of high brick garden wall, to speak of Mr. Churchill's skill as a bricklayer, duly signed "Winston," and a rocky feature, of his devising, in the garden. Chartwell was purchased by admirers of Mr. Churchill and presented to the National Trust in 1946 for preservation in perpetuity, it being understood that Mr. Churchill would continue to make his home there; and

that he would eventually leave there a representative collection of personal possessions, so that posterity might capture at least an echo of the many-sided genius and tastes of one of the greatest of British statesmen. The grounds include fine stretches of lawn, and contain many varieties of anales and rhododendron, and a swimming-pool. The pictures were taken this spring when Chartwell was thrown open to the public in order to raise funds for the Y.W.C.A., of which Mrs. Churchill is Vice-President. In 1950 Chartwell was opened for the first time in the same cause, and later in that year the public were again allowed to visit it in order to raise funds for the District Nursing Association and for Westerham charities. It was again opened on July 23 in aid of local charities; and the public will be able to visit it on August 20, under the National Garden Scheme. Mr. Churchill has close associations with Kent, for not only does he live at Chartwell, but as Lord Warden and Admiral of the Cinque Ports, he has the right to reside in Walmer Castle.



SHOWING RHODODENDRONS AND AZALEAS IN FLOWER: A VIEW OF CHARTWELL GROUNDS, TO BE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC ON AUGUST 20.

WHERE ASPECTS OF THE MANY-SIDED GENIUS AND PERSONALITY OF A GREAT BRITISH STATESMAN WILL BE ENSHRINED FOR POSTERITY: CHARTWELL, WESTERHAM, KENT, RESIDENCE OF THE PRIME MINISTER.





W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, BY GRAHAM SUTHERLAND.

Mr. Graham Sutherland's portrait of Mr. W. Somerset Maugham is an outstanding painting of a celebrated man of letters which roused admiration when shown in London and at the *Biennale* in Venice, where it is on loan from the Tate Gallery, to which it was presented by Lady John Hope.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



OF all the summer months August is the only one which—to me—is incapable of being quite perfect, either in the garden or the countryside generally. Gone are the freshness and the promise of the spring and early-summer flowers. August is middle-aged—and not in the nicest manner. Tree foliage has become mature, a little heavy, even slightly stale, and there is a tendency among gardens



FAR LESS COMMON IN GARDENS AND NURSERIES THAN THE OTHER HARDY CYCLAMENS, YET EASY TO RAISE FROM SEED: *Cyclamen europaeum*, WHICH HAS DARK GREEN, FAINTLY MARBLED LEAVES AND SWEETLY-SCENTED CARMINE BLOOMS IN LATE SUMMER.

Photograph by Harold Bastin.

to become over-dressed. There was a time when I felt that the flowering of *Clematis jackmanii* was adequate compensation for its being August. I no longer think so. Not even *jackmanii*, nor zinnias—in a real summer—nor sweet corn, can take from my mind the hateful, haunting thought that gardens are passing from gay maturity to that last gaudy fling of late summer and early autumn before the first real frost wipes out the dahlias and we dig ourselves in to await the first aconites and snowdrops.

For several years now I have missed a charming piece of comic relief which early August used to bring. As the "Glorious Twelfth" approached, enterprising boot-shops all over the country would blossom out with window displays of heavily-nailed boots nestling among a carpet of heather. In the background would be a gun or two. In one such display I saw an antique Army rifle—bayonet missing. At the same time, the daily papers somehow managed to make "news" of the grouse prospects, in spite of the fact that relatively few folk shot grouse, or even received an odd brace or two. To-day the grouse is less than ever a general compensation for its being August. The bird has become scarcer and almost wholly Leadenhall and restaurant-minded.

My own garden, by the by, could never be called over-dressed, even during the most hectic excesses of August and September that I see elsewhere. I am far too interested in experimenting with plants, and in trying this and that, ever to attempt a general show or display. It is much more of a scattered collection of trees and shrubs and flowers which interests me and gives me pleasure than a garden planned for general gay effect. The only planning that I attempt is to find for each individual plant the position in which it is most likely to flourish and enjoy life. At the same time, I try to give it the background against which it can display itself to the best advantage.

August is always a difficult month in the rock garden. During May and June there is plenty of colour to be had, but after that a good flowering Alpine or rock plant is a thing to be noted—and acquired. *Cyclamen europaeum* has been in full flower during the last fortnight of July, and should carry on well into August. For some unexplained reason *C. europaeum* appears to be far less common in gardens and in nurseries than the other hardy cyclamens. Yet it is just as easy to grow as the others. It flowers and seeds freely, and is easy to raise from seed. Above all, its strong, rose-pink flowers are deliciously scented—like lily of the valley.

*Cyclamen neapolitanum* will be flowering shortly. At the moment, the plants are leafless, but I notice a few buds of both the pink and the white pushing up

## AUGUST FLOWERS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

from the corms, and before long there should be the usual canopy of handsomely marbled ivy-shaped leaves. Two rock-garden pinks are still in flower. *Dianthus boydii*, a hybrid from *D. alpinus*, seems to be seldom out of flower. The big pink blossoms, with fringed edges and carried on stems only an inch or two high, are sterile. They never produce seeds. But the whole object in life of any plant being to reproduce itself by means of seeds, poor *D. boydii* goes on producing crop after crop of blossoms in a pathetic, fruitless attempt at seed-bearing. Propagation by means of cuttings does not satisfy *boydii*—which is all to the advantage of the rock gardener. The other pink still flowering is a hybrid from *Dianthus cæsius*, the British Cheddar Pink. What the other parent was I do not know, but the result is wholly satisfactory. The flowers are slightly larger than those of *D. cæsius*, very evenly round in outline, of an exceptionally brilliant deep pink, and intensely fragrant. Until recently this plant—which was given to me years ago without name from a friend's garden—has had the provisional name, "*Dianthus cæsius* hybrid," but my son has now christened it *D. Janet Walker*, after a granddaughter—of mine, not his. Although a hybrid, this pink seeds freely, but if the flower-heads are removed as

they fade, the plant may be kept flowering again and again for a very long time. There are several Campanulas still in flower. In addition to the deep, glossy violet *C. scheuchzeri covadonga*, there is the tiny *C. rotarvatica*, which spreads into wide carpets, like a pigmy harebell only 2 or 3 ins. high. Another dwarf—and a most distinguished one—is *Campanula pseudo-raineri*, which runs about, in rock crevices for preference, with minute grey-green leaves, studded just now with big, wide-open tea-cups of a lovely luminous lavender blue. Each blossom is between 1½ and 2 ins. across, and is carried on a stem no more than an inch or so high. Although I refer to it as *C. pseudo-raineri*, it is sometimes called *C. raineri hirsuta*. Whatever its



A PLANT WITH GREAT POSSIBILITIES AS A TENDER PLANT FOR BEDDING-OUT, EITHER FORMALLY OR INFORMALLY: *Beloperone guttata*, WHICH HAS CURIOUS AND ATTRACTIVE FLOWERS LOOKING LIKE VERY BIG HOP FLOWER-HEADS, THE OVERLAPPING SCALES OF WHICH ARE OF A RICH TAWNY COPPERY-RED, SHADING OFF TOWARDS THE END OF THE CONE TO PALER, YELLOWISH RED, WHILE THE ACTUAL FLOWERS PROTRUDE FROM BETWEEN THE SCALES, AS NARROW WHITE PETALS.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

correct name may be, it is without doubt a form of the species *C. raineri*, and quite one of the most remarkable and attractive of all the dwarf campanulas.

*Linnaea borealis*, the plant which the great Linnaeus chose to name after himself, is now flowering for the second time this summer. A woodlander of northern

regions, and incidentally a rare British native, I grow it in a mixture of peat, loam, and leaf soil in a stone trough on the north side of my garden. A shady spot on the rock garden in the same sort of soil would suit it even better. The plant trails flat on the ground with hair-slender, shrubby stems, with pairs of small rounded leaves, and tiny rose-pink bell-flowers, carried in pairs, on erect, thread-like stems a couple of inches high. They are powerfully almond-scented. *Linnaea borealis* is in no way showy, but a plant of the very greatest charm, and it must surely be just about the dwarfiest and most prostrate of all shrubs, for shrub, or shrublet, it assuredly is.

Another August-flowering shrub is *Potentilla fruticosa arbuscula*. It flowers, in fact, from early summer until autumn. At first a prostrate or semi-prostrate shrub, it eventually reaches a height of a couple of feet or so. Its flowers, like large strawberry blossoms, well over an inch across, are of a most delightful shade of clear, soft butter-yellow. It is one of the many forms of *Potentilla fruticosa* from China, and quite one of the most attractive of them all—a first-rate shrub for the rock garden or for the shrub border, among reasonably small neighbours.

Two lilies, grown in pots and standing among shade-loving plants in a bed on the north side of my house are flowering extremely well. *Lilium auratum*, from seed sown eight or nine years ago, five bulbs in a 12-in. pot, is about 5 ft. tall and heavily flowered. The other, *Lilium philippinense formosanum*, is 3 ft. high, with long, fragrant white trumpets. The seed was sown three years ago and the



HAVING POWERFULLY ALMOND-SCENTED TINY ROSE-PINK BELL-FLOWERS, CARRIED IN PAIRS, ON ERRECT, THREADLIKE STEMS A COUPLE OF INCHES HIGH: *Linnaea borealis*, A PLANT WHICH SHOULD DO WELL IN A SHADY SPOT ON THE ROCK GARDEN.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

bulbs are flowering for the second time.

Some time ago I mentioned a plant, *Beloperone guttata*, which seems to be very little known in this country. It is shrubby, and said in the text-books to require a warm greenhouse. I grow it as a pot plant, housing it on a window-sill indoors, and last summer I flowered it in an unheated greenhouse. This year, in early June, I made the experiment of planting it out, or, rather, plunging it in its pot in a narrow bed at the foot of the west wall of my house. The experiment has been very successful indeed. The plant has been smothered with blossoms during the whole of July, and is still a splendid sight, and likely to be a splendid sight for a good many weeks still. This plant only stands about 12 ins. high and rather more than 12 ins. through, and is just one mass of curious and most attractive flowers. They look like very big hop flower-heads, 2½ to 3 ins. long, the overlapping scales of which are of a rich and most unusual warm tawny coppery-red, which shades off towards the end of the cone to paler, yellowish red. The actual flowers protrude from between the scales, as narrow white petals. They don't amount to anything, and might just as well not be there. Flowering thus, in the open, my *Beloperone guttata*, which, by the by, comes from Mexico, has been a far better and richer colour than it was when I flowered it in the cold greenhouse. As a tender plant for bedding-out, either formally or informally, *Beloperone* seems to be a plant with great possibilities.







THIS book, "Spanish Painting from the Catalan Frescoes to El Greco," is a Skira publication, one of the "Painting, Colour, History" series, and that means every illustration is in colour. This in



FUNERAL PROCESSION (LATE THIRTEENTH CENTURY): A PANEL FROM "THE TOMB OF SANCHE SAIZ DE CARILLO," ORIGINALLY AT MAHAMUD, IN THE PROVINCE OF BURGOS.

"The big woollen mantles dyed black, brown and yellow, are certainly faithful reproductions of the garments of the time. What, however, strikes us most is the dramatic vigour of the attitudes and the way in which the bands of colour traversing horizontally or diagonally, the verticals of the bodies no longer ribbon the background (as in the early murals), but are supplied by the materials of the garments." The painting is now in the Museum of Catalan Art, Barcelona.

itself is a notable achievement, and the quality of the colour work and of the paper and typography are worthy of one another. Paintings are by no means easy things to reproduce satisfactorily, for unless the greatest care is taken golds can become brassy, greens sickly and all values falsified. The hypercritical may perhaps detect a few minor lapses in one or other of the seventy plates in this volume, but they will be very few indeed; here are great riches. This book deals with Spanish painting from the beginning—that is, the Catalan frescoes—down to El Greco. A second volume of the same format and with seventy-two colour plates is promised, to illustrate developments from Velasquez to Picasso.

Speaking generally, most of us are fairly familiar with El Greco and his successors, few are on even nodding terms with the earlier painters, and our first reaction on turning over these pages will be (or would be, if we had the money and the time, and exchange restrictions made it possible) to take the first aircraft, not to Madrid but to Barcelona, and there spend a month or so seeing these pictures for ourselves, travelling up and down Catalonia. (An intriguing map tells us just where to go.)

The text, written with learning and enthusiasm by Jacques Lassaigne, is informative and stimulating, but seems to me to fail in its main argument, which—if I have read it aright—is to the effect that early Spanish painting owes little or nothing to outside influences, but absorbed them very quickly and turned them all to its own majestic purpose. This is a theory which is, no doubt, flattering to the national pride and would be convincing enough were it not contradicted so often by the very pictures, or details of pictures, chosen for illustration, wherein, I suggest, anyone with even a sketchy knowledge of the painting of Flanders or of France or of Italy will be struck by not the originality of the Spaniards but by their dependence upon, say, Van Eyck or Simone Martini. But if the author sets out to prove too much, that is not to say that his thesis is anything but lively and interesting. Besides, the fact that some of us may disagree with him does not necessarily mean that his views are incorrect; no case, however doubtful, is made less convincing by enthusiastic advocacy, and the Spanish painters have here a doughty champion.

It so happens that at this very moment I can hear from an adjoining room, though very faintly,

the sounds of a Bach fugue, astringent and disciplined as it weaves its way to a climax which is at once inevitable, mathematically precise and intellectually rather than emotionally satisfying. It occurs to me that this kind of music—or this kind of painting—is not that which could possibly have its origin beyond the barrier of the Pyrenees, where geography and the accidents of history have combined to produce a mental climate in which passion is less amenable to tolerance, and where emotions, religious or otherwise, burn with a peculiar intensity. This is at once the weakness and the strength of early Spanish painting. When these men are following in the footsteps of their tutors from either Northern or Southern Europe, they are liable to imitate without much perception; but sometimes, as in the notable example of Bermejo, they can take a theme by, say, Rogier Van der Weyden, and translate it into a most moving, and, some would say, terrifyingly sombre version of their own.

Bermejo's masterpiece, painted in 1490, the "Pietà of Canon Luis Despla,"

from the Cathedral of Barcelona, is given four illustrations (one the complete picture, the other three details from it). It is gloomy, majestic, magnificent and haunting, and the face of the donor, Canon Despla, is an extraordinary study of humble sincerity (page 75). If this can indeed be taken as a true interpretation of religious feeling as it affected the more thoughtful and serious elements of Catholic Spain at this time, it is little wonder that the Italian Renaissance, with its enthusiasm for the pagan past, made little or no impression upon a people with so inflexible a faith and so mystic an approach to it.

Afterwards, and not for the first time, Spanish painters were driven back upon themselves, to indulge in rather tedious moralities. Not even the author can find much to say about them and, but for a really

good portrait painter, Coello, whose reputation would be higher had he not had a genius for a son-in-law, Velasquez, the sixteenth-century native-born painters are a humdrum collection. Then came a foreigner, a phenomenon from the island of Crete, an original master of the first order who, after some years in Venice and Rome, found his way to Toledo; a harsh mystic, with a colour sense beyond the imagination of other men, and who so distorted his figures that his apologists, unwilling to admit that so fluid a sense of form was deliberate, found themselves suggesting that his eyes were astigmatic. This was El Greco, who left Rome in 1572 and is next heard of in Toledo in 1577, and with whom the final chapter of this sumptuous book is concerned, with a further chapter promised for the second volume. Here, at last, in Spain though not Spanish, is a painter who so identified himself with the country of his adoption that he seems to express the substance of its emotions with a perception denied to any of its sons—as if he understood them better than they did themselves. Clearly he found the atmosphere of Toledo stimulating; it was a great religious centre and the seat of a flourishing university; there he lived and worked for the next thirty-six years until his death. But while his ecstatic



PREDELLA OF THE ALTAR OF THE TRANSFIGURATION, C. 1447, CATHEDRAL OF BARCELONA: "THE WOMAN OF CANAAN," BY BERNARDO MARTORELL (? 1453).

"A painter and miniaturist whose work has only recently come into prominence, Martorell is looked upon to-day as the leading Catalan painter of the second quarter of the fifteenth century. He is often mentioned in contemporary records, and we gather that after 1433 he was highly reputed as an artist and had a very busy studio."

visions, his greens and yellows and blues, his elongated ethereal figures were admired by the Church and by the Toledans, one man remained unimpressed. The dour, industrious, self-tormented Philip II., whose father had left him a superb collection of paintings by Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese and Hieronymus Bosch, would have nothing by his hand for the Escorial.

So much for the climax of the book—for El Greco is the inevitable climax. But this part of the story has been told before; where we are particularly indebted to the author is in the earlier part, in which he illustrates portions of frescoes from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries which are not easily to be found elsewhere and certainly not reproduced with anything approaching the same accuracy—and very moving some of them are. Particularly interesting is a thirteenth-century funeral procession (page 33) from the tomb of "Sancho Saiz de Carillo, Mahamud," now in the Museum of Catalan Art, Barcelona, in which a series of elongated figures, in browns, blacks and greys of various tones, express an intensity of grief; and two paintings by Bernardo Martorell in the Cathedral of Barcelona, remarkable for beautiful drawing and the most delightful detail (pages 50 and 51).



"PIETÀ OF CANON LUIS DESPLA" (1490); BY BARTOLOMÉ BERMEJO (? 1498). CATHEDRAL OF BARCELONA.

"Greatest of the Spanish Primitives is, unquestionably, Bartolomé Bermejo. . . . Bermejo's masterpiece, 'The Pietà,' commissioned by Canon Despla and completed on April 23, 1490, is in the Cathedral of Barcelona. It is remarkable not only for the effectiveness with which the leading theme is handled, but also for the suggestive value given to its whole setting. . . . Illustrations reproduced from 'Spanish Painting from Catalan Frescoes to El Greco,' reviewed on this page, by Courtesy of the Publishers, Skira.

\* On this page Frank Davis reviews "Spanish Painting from Catalan Frescoes to El Greco," by Jacques Lassaigne. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. 70 reproductions in full colour. (Skira: distributed in Great Britain and the Dominions by A. Zwemmer Ltd; £5 10s.)



# EDGAR DEGAS—IN EDINBURGH: A GREAT FESTIVAL EXHIBITION.



"HEAD RESTING ON HAND"; BY EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917), TO BE SHOWN IN THE DEGAS LOAN EXHIBITION WHICH OPENS ON AUGUST 17 AT THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY. BRONZE. (Lent by Sir Kenneth Clark.)



(ABOVE.)  
"MILLINER TRIMMING A HAT." ONE OF THE FINE WORKS INCLUDED IN THE EXHIBITION ARRANGED BY MR. DEREK HILL, WHICH OPENS IN EDINBURGH ON AUGUST 17. PASTEL. (18½ by 28 ins.) (Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bevan.)



"THE CRUCIFIXION, CHRIST BETWEEN THE TWO THIEVES," AFTER "THE CALVARY," BY MANTEGNA, IN THE LOUVRE. OIL ON CANVAS. (26½ by 36½ ins.) (Lent by the Musée des Beaux-Arts, Tours.)



"TWO DANCERS ON THE STAGE," ONE OF DEGAS' NUMEROUS THEATRICAL PAINTINGS. OIL ON CANVAS. (24½ by 18½ ins.) (Lent by the Home House Trustees.)



"WOMAN SPONGING HER BACK," A TYPICAL WORK OF THE GREAT FRENCH ARTIST. PASTEL. (29½ by 27½ ins.) (Lent by Sir Kenneth Clark.)



"HEAD OF AN ITALIAN YOUTH." WITHIN THE LIMITS OF OIL AND PASTEL THERE ARE EXAMPLES FROM ALMOST EVERY PERIOD OF DEGAS' WORK IN THE EXHIBITION. OIL ON PAPER. (9½ by 6½ ins.) (Lent by Mrs. Alix Baer.)



"A WOMAN AT A WINDOW," A WORK OF OUTSTANDING CHARM AND BEAUTY. OIL ON PAPER. (24½ by 18½ ins.) (Lent by the Home House Trustees.)

Continued.] He explains that within these limits there are examples from almost every period of Degas' work, and of almost every "theme" which he represented. He writes: "Above all other artists of his time, Degas was able to express himself and his intentions with clarity; that was his aim, and he achieved it by means of the superb draughtsmanship that he so rightly insisted was the essential factor in forming any work of art." Mr. Hill also refers to the fact that, considering his stature, Degas' influence in France has not been as

THE Degas Exhibition in the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh, arranged in connection with the Edinburgh Festival, is due to open on August 17, and will continue until September 6. The selection of the works on view has been made by Mr. Derek Hill, the artist. They include sixteen bronzes, and a number of oils and pastels lent from private and public collections in the United Kingdom and on the Continent. In his foreword to the catalogue, Mr. Hill points out that it has not been possible to collect within the space allotted examples of every medium in which Degas worked, but that since oil painting and pastels form the most important part of his output, they are being shown rather than drawings, monotypes [Continued below.]

marked as would be imagined, but that on English painting he had more influence, since Sickert, who learnt a great deal from him, has, in his turn, influenced countless English painters. The bronzes on view also cover the whole period in which Degas worked as a modeller. They are very beautiful; and it is interesting to recall that he used (with the exception of the "Dancer of Fourteen Years, Dressed") these exercises primarily as aids to his drawing and painting when his sight was failing.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## PUTTING IT TOGETHER.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I AM not finding it very easy to write this afternoon. There is what someone has described as a chafing-dish heat. A few people lie, inert, about the lawn; others have gone down to the cove to sit among the rocks and wait until the tide recedes. Even a whinnying attendant gull seems unusually staid; and a small cargo-steamer outside the bay dawdles as if it had all summer to get to Falmouth. Maybe

minds. They have managed well enough in differentiating the various prisoners: conventional studies, most of them, but theatrically useful and often exceedingly well acted: by that distinguished radio actor, Laidman Browne, for example, as the senior naval officer who reads "Westerns"—a performance most urbane and likeable—and by Hugh Burden as Albert's designer, a part awkwardly written but treated with tact by one of our most responsive players. Others—Hugh Latimer, Humphrey Lestocq, Ferdy Mayne—have quality; and Albert himself has a massive good cheer. We regret merely that something has been lost in putting the play together. The attempt is gallant, but at present the picture is incomplete; I fear that it may harm the play's chances of survival. Although there have been better dramas of the kind, this is by no means negligible.

Anne Trego, the young actress who wrote "The Step Forward"

eyebrow.) It is, in any event, a flimsy piece, all about a girl who could not find true married happiness until she had become more sophisticated, taken a step forward. As we find, she gets the necessary aid from the younger brother of her temporary employer; but I was less interested in plots and purposes than in the dramatist's trimmings. Although she has a gift for the good-tempered line, she has not bothered much about plausibility, and in so tenuous a piece she cannot afford to let us ask too many questions.

The most exasperating figure is an author (acted by Guy Rolfe) with whom the girl (Frances Hyland) has a post as secretary at Magnolia Cottage, Little Biding, Essex. He is writing a book, his first book, on an obscure French poet, a pupil of Ronsard; we might think from the way he sets about it that it is a book for which the world is waiting, hushed and poised. Publishers clamour for the typescript. It is to be issued in two editions, French and English. And yet we remain unpersuaded. If Magnolia Cottage is to be run in future on the proceeds of this kind of work, I fear that the family will have some anxious



"FRANCES HYLAND ACTS WITH SUSTAINED CHARM IN A FRAGILE INVENTION BY ANNE TREGO": "THE STEP FORWARD" (STRAND), SHOWING A SCENE FROM ACT III, IN WHICH MRS. LANGDON (GILLIAN LIND—RIGHT) COMES IN AT WHAT APPEARS TO BE AN AWKWARD MOMENT WHEN HER HUSBAND (GUY ROLFE) IS EMBRACING HIS SECRETARY, MARY SILVER (FRANCES HYLAND).

it has. Certainly the spell of August is over Cornwall.

Below me, on the lawn where a small boy, for once too languid to move very far, is tinkering with a jigsaw puzzle, a crisis has developed. Half-a-dozen pieces have been lost. It looks from here as if someone has taken a neat bite from the exact centre of the puzzle, or—like the post-office customer in the old story—asked for the halfpenny stamps in the dead vast and middle of a huge sheet.

It reminds me this afternoon of one of the London plays I am writing about: "Albert, R.N.," at the Saville. This is a prisoner-of-war drama. Guy Morgan and Edward Sammis have tried to condense for the theatre a remarkable incident from the year 1944: the use of a dummy to mask an escape from a prison-camp for naval officers somewhere in the north-west of Germany, Lübeck way. The dummy is called Albert. He has a papier-mâché head, made from old newspapers; he wears a greatcoat over a steel frame; he has blue trousers and an officer's cap. His face is comfortably bland and blank. Albert need not bother about anything; all his thinking is done for him, at high level. It is a pleasing job, and he has a post of honour.

Albert's work in the camp is to act as cover. The officers go periodically to a bath-house outside the prison wire, and Albert is so constructed that he can go out in pieces, carefully hidden and unseen, and return, fitted together and proudly marching, between two of his colleagues. Thus the German guards who check the number of their captives need have no worries. According to their precise count, all the prisoners are present and correct. One of them is making his desperate dash towards Lübeck, but Albert will fill any gap on the muster-roll.

Now it is clear that this escape should be the heart of the play, the central gold, the omphalos, the boss on the shield. But our authors have to confine their scene to a room in the prison camp, Marlag V., and though we hear a good deal about goings-on before and after, we do not see the escape itself: it is as if a piece had been bitten from the centre of the drama, as if vital sections of the jigsaw had been lost. This is material that cries for a film camera: in the theatre the dramatists are defeated.

The gap is unfortunate, because Mr. Morgan and Mr. Sammis know their scene and have done their best to establish Marlag V. in our

(Strand), also had some trouble, I think, in fitting her play together. Superficially, she appears to have had more success than the authors of "Albert," but I cannot be too happy about her first scene, which tells us very little. (I think such a craftsman as Pinero might have twitched a reproachful



"GUY MORGAN AND EDWARD SAMMIS DO THEIR BEST TO BRING TO THE STAGE THE DETAILS OF AN EXTRAORDINARY PRISON-CAMP ESCAPE": "ALBERT, R.N." (SAVILLE), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY IN WHICH LIEUT. GEOFF. AINSWORTH (HUGH BURDEN) REVEALS HIS PLAN OF ESCAPE TO HIS FELLOW-PRISONERS AND SHOWS THEM THE PAPIER-MÂCHÉ HEAD OF THE DUMMY, "ALBERT, R.N."



THE AUTHENTIC STORY OF A PRISON-CAMP ESCAPE BY NAVAL OFFICERS DURING WORLD WAR II: "ALBERT, R.N.", BY EDWARD SAMMIS AND GUY MORGAN, SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH LIEUT. GEOFF. AINSWORTH (HUGH BURDEN) INTRODUCES THE DUMMY HE HAS CREATED TO HIS P.O.W. FRIENDS.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"BLUE ARMOUR" (New Torch).—A well-intentioned doctrinal play on cancer research, with a good performance by Arthur Hewlett. (July 21.)  
 "DONA CLARINES" (Irving).—A pleasant revival of a very slight Quintero comedy in the Granville-Barker version. (July 21.)  
 "INDIAN BALLET" (Comedy).—Shirin Vajifdar and Krishna Kutty in a rich and varied programme. (July 22.)  
 "LION'S CORNER" (St. Martin's).—This play, which ran for one night, was alarmingly cheap and feeble, but I have known worse productions that lasted longer. (July 23.)  
 "THE BOY WITH A CART" and "COMUS" (Open Air).—Fry and Milton share a double bill in Regent's Park; Leslie French is back as the Attendant Spirit. (July 29.)  
 "MISS HARGREAVES" (Court).—Margaret Rutherford dominates a fantasy by Frank Baker. (July 29.)  
 "THE STEP FORWARD" (Strand).—Frances Hyland acts with sustained charm in a fragile invention by Anne Trego. (July 30.)  
 "IN CHANCERY" (Arts).—The Arts revives, happily, another farce by the master craftsman, Pinero. (July 30.)  
 "ALBERT, R.N." (Saville).—Although there is too much preparation for a main incident that we do not see, Guy Morgan and Edward Sammis do their best to bring to the stage the details of an extraordinary prison-camp escape. (July 31.)

times, and the author's wife will look even more bewildered than she does at present. But then—and this is a cardinal fault in the piece—I cannot really believe in Magnolia Cottage or any of the dear people around it. As soon as the curtain is down they flit from mind. The play has not been put together firmly enough.

Here the acting matters most—that and Miss Trego's undeniable glint of fun. (For anyone who can see so quickly the humour in things, she is surprisingly naïve about her famous author.) She is lucky now to have the grace, sincerity and expressive charm of Frances Hyland as the girl; and Derek Farr flips off lightly the young man who may know nothing of French poetry (and who certainly cares less) but who does know quite a lot about love-making. Gillian Lind is agreeably the author's wife, who finds the whole situation a little troublesome. Alexis France, as a soulful Scots secretary, and Sheila Keith as a "rep" actress whose contralto voice must make her the toast of Putney (where, also implausibly, she is in a repertory theatre cast), both do a lot for Miss Trego in minor parts. And, of course, Mr. Rolfe is always at hand, sturdily propping up the structure. Clearly, Anne Trego has the makings of a dramatist: in her next play she will probably put them together to better advantage—in fact, take a step forward.

That is what I propose to do now. The afternoon's heat lessens a little (though people still lie around the lawn, looking like a group of dummy Alberts, thrown down until needed); and there is a path that leads temptingly to a now-clearing beach, the tide on the ebb. Half-a-dozen steps forward will help. Let me try.



## DEAF "MANDY" LEARNS TO SPEAK: REMARKABLE ACTING BY A NORMAL CHILD.



MISS STOCKTON (DOROTHY ALISON) TRIES TO PERSUADE THE DEAF CHILD (MANDY MILLER) TO IDENTIFY THE WOODEN MODELS WITH THEIR NAMES.



"THAT'S IT, MANDY. AGAIN": MISS STOCKTON HOLDS THE CHILD'S HAND AGAINST HER CHEST, MAKING HER FEEL THE REVERBERATION OF HER FIRST CONSCIOUS SOUND.



MISS STOCKTON (DOROTHY ALISON) TAKES A BALLOON AND STRETCHES MANDY'S HANDS ACROSS IT, TRYING TO MAKE HER AWARE OF THE REVERBERATION.



MANDY (MANDY MILLER) RECOGNISES HER OWN NAME AND HER JOY IS SHARED BY HER MOTHER (PHYLLIS CALVERT) AND HEADMASTER (JACK HAWKINS).



MANDY HAS BROKEN A CUP AND SCREAMS IN ANGER—MISS STOCKTON ENCOURAGES HER TO REPEAT THE SOUND AND, ANGRY AND BEWILDERED, SHE DOES SO.

A new British film, "Mandy," adapted for the screen by Nigel Balchin and Jack Whittingham from the novel by Hilda Lewis, "The Day is Ours," has received high praise from the critics. The film is brilliantly directed by Alexander Mackendrick (director of "Whisky Galore!" and "The Man in the White Suit"). The seven-year-old heroine of the film, Mandy Miller, provided the title; and this child's remarkable talent as an actress has to be seen to be believed. It is

hard to credit that the title-rôle is played by a perfectly normal child, for "Mandy" is the story of a girl who has been born deaf and shows how afflicted children are taught to speak and to lip-read. These scenes were actually filmed at the Royal Residential Schools for the Deaf in Manchester, with the pupils themselves going about their ordinary tasks. The part of Miss Stockton, the teacher who does so much for Mandy, is movingly portrayed by Dorothy Alison.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. TUKACHEVSKY SUPS IN MONTMARTRE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

BY a curious coincidence, while I was engaged in studying that strange personality, Marshal Tukachevsky, I opened *Le Figaro* and found a small but rich mine of information about him provided by M. Remy Roure. Some of my readers may remember an article on Pilsudski and the victory of the Vistula. I confess that it was not purely the military interest of that battle which led me to write the article but partly the fascination of Pilsudski and his mentality. From the victor I passed to the vanquished, a still more striking figure, though perhaps not a greater one. It so happens that we know more about the personality of Tukachevsky than about that of his contemporaries in the Red Army because of his incarceration in Fort IX., at Ingolstadt, during the First World War. Fort IX. was a sort of punishment camp—not very severe—for officer prisoners of war who had attempted to escape. I learnt from M. Roure something I had not previously discovered, that Commandant Catroux and Captain de Gaulle were among its inmates. But I already knew a certain amount about Fort IX. and Tukachevsky's contact with French fellow-prisoners.

M. Roure also talks of the reunions of officers who underwent imprisonment there. They have, he says, become more and more rare, but one took place this summer, and it carried his mind back to Tukachevsky. He relates that in 1936, when the Marshal, at the height of his power and prestige, passed through Paris on his way home from an official visit to London, his former comrades in captivity took him up to Montmartre. The gaiety of the entertainment may have been slightly lessened by the presence of a Russian General who was obviously keeping an eye on his superior, but this was to be expected and did not seem to have any particular significance. Did the Marshal enjoy himself? Was his mind preoccupied with his personal prospects? The leading men of Soviet Russia walked on a narrow plank in those days. As he drank his champagne Tukachevsky can scarcely have dismissed these considerations altogether. In August of that year there took place the trial of "the sixteen," who included Zinoviev and Kamenev. In January, 1937, came the trial of "the seventeen," among whom was Radek. On May 1, 1937, Tukachevsky stood beside Stalin at the May Day parade. Eleven days later he was relieved of his appointment. On June 12 it was announced that he had been executed after a secret trial.

Tukachevsky was, if I reckon aright, twenty-four years of age when he arrived at Ingolstadt. He had already met several of the French officers in other camps, and, like many members of the Russian aristocracy, spoke pretty good French. M. Roure tells us that he was an ardent revolutionary and that the ideas of Kerensky were abhorrent to him. Only the Bolshevik revolution could give Russia a free hand. What had previously struck me was that he was far more Pan-slavist than Communist. He held that modern Russia had been softened and corrupted by European civilisation. He exalted the old vein of savagery; his ideal was to return to the spirit of Ivan the Terrible. Even Peter the Great had been too European, too international, for his taste. There was perhaps a vein of anarchism in his composition, perhaps a touch of Nietzsche. With all this he was strikingly handsome and attractive. One observer states that his features recalled those of the young Bonaparte, but he had the height which Bonaparte lacked. He did not disguise his swelling ambition. Britain cannot produce such a type, which is peculiarly Slav, but it produced almost simultaneously a modified British version in T. E. Lawrence.

If Tukachevsky was a dreamer, he was also much more, and there was a practical side to his intellect. I am not going to deal again with the Polish campaign of 1920 in which, at the age of twenty-seven, he commanded the Northern Army Group and, after astounding successes, was routed by Pilsudski when standing at the gates of Warsaw. He was a pioneer of modern war propaganda, though he banked too heavily upon its power in Poland. Before undertaking the Polish campaign he had served brilliantly in the civil war against the Whites. In the following year he suppressed the dangerous Kronstadt revolt. He was a pioneer, possibly the originator, of parachute warfare. He was the reorganiser of the Red Army. In 1936, the year of his supper in Montmartre, he was made a Marshal. Were he alive now, he would be several years younger than Field Marshals Lord Montgomery and Sir William Slim. What his career in the war would have been is matter for speculation, but there was always a cloud between him and Stalin. He thought that Yegorov had let him down at Warsaw, and Yegorov's thrust westward, instead of north-westward to the aid of Tukachevsky, is believed to have been encouraged by Stalin. Yegorov is said to have signed the death-warrant. He was himself liquidated shortly afterwards.

As I have said, this military trial was secret. Those which preceded it were not, but they do not tell us much from the legal point of view. There was little evidence in the real sense and some of the confessions were clumsily dictated—so clumsily that in

one case a prisoner confessed to a meeting in a foreign hotel which did not exist at the time in question. Western commentators have generally decided that the motive of the great civilian trials was the elimination of all possible representatives of an alternative Government. All Lenin's Politbureau except Stalin himself and Trotsky were involved. Trotsky was an exile and was to be murdered in Mexico. Tukachevsky's trial is another matter. All that the outer world



AS HE WAS IN 1936 WHEN HE ATTENDED A PARIS-REUNION OF OFFICERS IMPRISONED IN FORT IX., INGOLSTADT, DURING WORLD WAR I.: MARSHAL TUKACHEVSKY.

In the article on this page, Captain Cyril Falls discusses the character of that strange personality, Marshal Tukachevsky. One of the most celebrated of Russian soldiers, on May 1, 1937, he stood beside Stalin at the May Day parade. Eleven days later he was relieved of his appointment, and on June 12 following, after a secret trial, he was executed. This photograph shows him as he was in 1936 when he attended a reunion in Montmartre of French officers who had been imprisoned, together with him, in Fort IX., Ingolstadt, during World War I. He was strikingly handsome and attractive, with features which to one observer recalled those of the young Bonaparte.



WHEN SOVIET ASSISTANT COMMISSAR FOR WAR IN 1936: MARSHAL TUKACHEVSKY (RIGHT), WITH BUDIENNY (CENTRE) AND VOROSHILOV (LEFT).

"If Tukachevsky was a dreamer he was also much more, and there was a practical side to his intellect," writes Captain Falls, and recalls the Polish Campaign of 1920 in which, at the age of twenty-seven, Tukachevsky commanded the Northern Army Group and, after astounding successes, was routed by Pilsudski when standing at the gates of Warsaw. "He was a pioneer, possibly the originator, of parachute warfare. He was the reorganiser of the Red Army." In 1936, the year of his supper in Montmartre, he was made a Marshal. Captain Falls writes of Budyenny that, "though a man of no great intelligence and little education, he handled cavalry in mass with great skill, perhaps almost by instinct."

was told about it was that it was for treason with a foreign power—Hitlerian Germany. Trotsky suggested that the crime was refusal to allow the secret police to meddle with the Red Army, but his knowledge may have been deficient. It would seem that there was a more serious reason for the execution of the most celebrated Russian soldier.

The explanation of the destruction of the civilians would, of course, cover that of Tukachevsky also. But "non-Stalinist" sources suggest that there was in fact a military plot, that he was at the head

of it, that it was to have taken the form of a *coup d'état*, and that the first step was to have been the seizure of the Kremlin. It is well known that large numbers of Russian officers had been in close contact with the Germans when General von Seeckt was German Chief of Staff and engineering a military *rapprochement* with Soviet Russia as part of his plan of sabotage of the Treaty of Versailles.

It has been asserted that, if Tukachevsky had succeeded in his contemplated revolt, he would have brought about an alliance with Germany. Stalin waited over two years before he signed his pact of friendship with Hitler. The death of Tukachevsky was followed by mass executions of officers. Mr. Deutscher, in his book on Stalin, says that they included all those who had received a favourable report from Tukachevsky on leaving the Military Academy.

General von Seeckt, though taciturn, was a pleasant man, but one who would stick at nothing to further his purpose of re-creating the German Army. Little definite evidence has been allowed to emerge about his dealings with the Russian General Staff, but they are admitted to have been extensive. The relations which existed were, of course, encouraged by the Russian Government. The alternative explanations of what took place are either that the dealings went further than Stalin and his advisers meant them to go or that they regarded the officers concerned simply as tools which it would be desirable to destroy after they had served their turn. The killing was on so great a scale as to make it almost incredible that such a purge of the corps of officers was carried out except as a measure dictated by panic at a moment of emergency. If I am right in this supposition, then it follows in all probability that relations with the Germans had reached a guilty stage which had been suddenly discovered by Stalin. Otherwise all is guesswork. Executions of officers of an old régime while serving a revolutionary government are nothing new. They were common under the Terror in France, when Alexandre de Beauharnais, Biron, Custine and Luckner were among the victims. Yet the scale was trifling by comparison. Robespierre and his associates used the guillotine more sparingly than Stalin used the bullet in the prison corridor. We must remember when considering the Russian purge that it was Trotsky who had been responsible for recalling a large number of Tsarist officers to the service because he found most of the leaders who had risen from the ranks of the revolution uneducated in either a civil or a military sense and almost useless in higher command. Budyenny was an exception; though a man of no great intelligence and little education, he handled cavalry in mass with great skill, perhaps almost by instinct. Lenin had been nervous about Trotsky's royalist officers and Stalin had probably been opposed to their enrolment.

Tukachevsky was a man of great intellectual gifts and vivid imagination. The risks meant nothing to him. His lands were already mortgaged at the outbreak of the revolution, so that he had nothing to lose but his life, which he did not value highly. Death or glory was his motto, and he achieved glory before meeting a violent death at the hands of his own countrymen. The story is told that, having been

wounded when he was arrested, he was brought before Stalin on a stretcher and, far from repenting or recanting like the civilians, replied haughtily to the reproaches addressed to him. This must be accepted with caution, like many others connected with those episodes, but it is in character. Pure Slav, revolutionary in spirit, intensely ardent, contemptuous of modern developments in Russia and of all the softer graces of life, though at the same time cultivated and well read, he loved greatness and power for their own sakes. What he feared was littleness and mediocrity, even in what we may find to be the most pleasant associations of the word. With all this he was a painstaking as well as an original professional soldier, and seems to have developed greatly in the years which followed his famous and ultimately disastrous advance to the Vistula.

Few, even among the ambitious, would desire to follow the path trodden by Tukachevsky. Mr. Churchill has recorded that, face to face with Molotov, he speculated on the strain which this impassive man must have undergone during his career and on the risks which he had constantly faced. Tukachevsky lived a life of even greater activity and the risks in it were less frequently slackened. Contemplating such careers may tend to make us content with our obscurity. The seat beneath a tree in the garden in summer or beside the fire in winter appears a delightful haven by comparison with the uneasy heights attainable to the adventurer amidst revolution. This generation, which inhabits a world full of risks, would in general be well content to restrain ambition if that would render them less pressing. In any case, the type of ambition which burned in Tukachevsky does not commend itself to many of us. It had small concern with the fate of humanity. Yet I doubt whether the Marshal of the Red Army who supped that night in Montmartre was concerned with what I should call happiness. Perhaps the word did not find a place in his vocabulary.



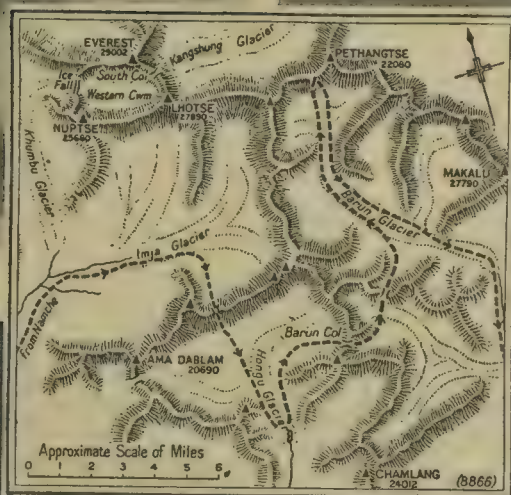
## AMONG THE GREATEST MOUNTAINS ON EARTH: NEW BRITISH EXPLORATIONS.



ON A 21,800-FT. PEAK ABOVE THE "BARUN SADDLE," WITH MAKALU BEHIND: EVANS CUTTING STEPS; AND HILLARY.



IN AN UNEXPLORED REGION OF THE HIMALAYA: EVEREST (RIGHT) AND AN UNNAMED 23,000-FT. PEAK (LEFT).



"AN ENTIRELY NEW ASPECT OF THE EVEREST MASSIF . . . ACROSS THE CLOUD-FILLED CHASM OF THE BARUN": EVEREST FROM A 21,800-FT. PEAK ABOVE THE "BARUN SADDLE."

Mr. Eric Shipton, leader of the recent British expedition to Cho Oyu, in a despatch published recently in *The Times*, writes: "When we had returned to Namche after our attempt on Cho Oyu earlier this year, I decided to undertake, with Evans, Hillary and Lowe, a journey across two passes we discovered in our Everest reconnaissance expedition last year, the first leading from the Imja to the Hongu, and the second from the Hongu to the upper basin of the Barun. From there we proposed to explore the main watershed between Makalu and Everest and then to make our way down the Barun valley to the Arun river." (Evans started from Namche on June 1 to extend the reconnaissance beyond the passes and to investigate the upper part of the Barun gorge. Mr. Shipton had to remain in Namche, where he met Hillary and Lowe on June 8. They set out almost immediately up the Imja, taking six Sherpas with them, and met Evans at a rendezvous by the big lake in the Hongu basin.) Mr. Shipton continues: "Heavily laden with supplies we crossed the 'Barun Col,' about 20,000 ft., and camped on the glacier plateau beyond. From here, on successive days, we climbed two peaks of 22,550 ft. and 21,800 ft., respectively. These provide fine climbing on ice, while from both summits we had views of unusual interest and exceptional grandeur. For we were now in an unexplored region, surrounded by some of the greatest mountains on earth; an entirely new aspect of the Everest massif filled

"EASTWARD OUR GAZE LIFTED TO THE LOFTY SPIRE OF MAKALU (27,790 FT.)": A VIEW OF THE MOUNTAIN FROM A 22,550-FT. PEAK ABOVE THE "BARUN SADDLE."

our north-western horizon, while eastward our gaze lifted to the lofty spire of Makalu (27,790 ft.), close across the cloud-filled chasm of the Barun. We saw that the ice plateau drained to the south-east, forming a glacier which flowed through a remarkable defile east of Chamlang (24,012 ft.). Later we found that this glacier entered and flowed some miles down the Barun valley, a long way below the snout of the Barun glacier. It must be at least equal in volume to the latter. On June 15, while Lowe and I were escorting the Sherpas across a subsidiary pass and down to the Barun glacier, Hillary and Evans climbed a third peak of 21,400 ft. Next day we travelled five miles up the Barun glacier and on the 17th we succeeded in reaching a saddle on the crest of the main watershed overlooking the Kangshung glacier, which flows from the eastern face of Everest and which was explored by Howard Bury's party in 1921. But then the weather broke badly, and by the morning of the 18th snow avalanches were falling from all steep slopes and further climbing was out of the question. A long day's march, at first through knee-deep snow, took us back to our food dump below Makalu." (Early the following morning they started their successful descent into the lower Barun valley, and finally down to the Arun river and Legua Ghat. From there they crossed the hills to Dharan and Joghani, whence they travelled by train to Raxaul and reached Katmandu on July 4.)

Photographs and excerpts by arrangement with "The Times."





# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



## THE HEDGEHOG AND THE APPLES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

certain birds, and more especially among mammals. Examples have also been set on record for animals in the wild, and although comparatively few, they are sufficient to support this view. It is possible, then,

the number of times one has seen horses and donkeys, cats and dogs, rolling on their backs with vigour and evident enjoyment. Again, this is a form of behaviour sufficiently often seen to suggest that it is common to most mammals. But we can go further. Certain dogs will turn on their

backs and roll vigorously and with obvious relish on the carcase of a rabbit, or even on a heap of horse-droppings. Cats are more fastidious, but even they have their wild moments. There are many graphic accounts of cats, both the domestic variety and also the large cats, such as the puma, after smelling catmint, leaping madly about, prancing and dancing, or even turning on their backs and rolling luxuriously on the clump of catmint. My own two cats do not wait for catmint; they perform the back-rolling on almost any plant in my garden that shows promise.

It may be a long shot to postulate that hedgehogs roll on apples in the same way as a donkey will roll in the middle of the road, or a dog on a rabbit carcase, or a puma on catmint, but at least it is possible. It is, moreover, significant that hedgehogs often have leaves impaled on their spines, and it is usually assumed that these have become so transfixed from the hedgehog having lain in a nest of leaves. Could it not be that the rolling habit is more common with them than we suspect, and that sweet-smelling leaves or apples are

equally attractive to roll in? Cats have a keen sense of smell; the sense is even more acute in dogs; and it is a matter of common observation that certain odours, as we have seen, will compel them to depart strangely from normal behaviour. How keen the sense of smell in a hedgehog is by comparison would be difficult to say, but it has been established that even a light odour will cause electric impulses to travel over two-thirds of the surface of the main lobes of its brain. So it is not impossible that the smell of crab-apples may excite it beyond the normal.

Finally, why must we assume that a carnivore, or insectivore, never takes vegetable food? Lions are known to seek out wild plums, and to root for a particular bulb. Polar bears have been observed to fill their paunches with vegetation at certain seasons of the year. Even the domestic cat commonly eats grass or herbs.

It is sometimes objected that the spines of a hedgehog would not pierce the skin of an apple. I have tried this out and it required considerable pressure to do it successfully, but my subject was a hedgehog dead and stuffed, with the spines mainly lying flat. When embedded in a live flesh, controlled by muscles, and pulled erect in the way a hedgehog is

known to raise its spines in moments of excitement, anything could happen. Then if the hedgehog used the same vigour in rolling that a cat uses on catmint, the prospect of apples becoming impaled is a virtual certainty. A simple test can be applied. The first reaction of a hedgehog when alarmed is to stop dead still. If we now approach it carefully and press on one side with the fingers, it will dig its feet into the ground on the other side, resisting the pressure with a rolling push of the body. From experience, I am sure that if apples took the place of fingers they would become impaled on the spines of the back.

It may be that there are weak links in this chain of argument; it may be that the whole story is untrue. At least it is not impossible. It may even be that the whole sequence is a normal, purposive behaviour. In any case, better to invite evidence, even if it must ultimately be rejected, than inhibit its collection by ridicule.

### nonne demonii inquantur.



SHOWING THAT THE STORY THAT HEDGEHOGS COLLECT APPLES ON THEIR SPINES BY ROLLING ON THEM HAS PERSISTED IN VARIOUS FORMS THROUGH THE CENTURIES: AN ILLUSTRATION OF HEDGEHOGS COLLECTING GRAPES FROM A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY BESTIARY FORMERLY IN ROCHESTER PRIORY.

The story that hedgehogs collect wild apples, by rolling on them so that they become impaled on their spines, has persisted since the days of the Romans. It is a story unacceptable to the majority of zoologists, yet some of our most famous naturalists, including Charles Darwin, have given credence to it, or at least have not rejected it.

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THE STORY OF THE HEDGEHOG AND THE APPLES RECONSTRUCTED: A POSED PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A STUFFED HEDGEHOG BEARING APPLES SECURELY IMPALED ON ITS SPINES—THE RESULT OF AN EXPERIMENT BY DR. BURTON. Although the spines in a dead hedgehog are lying obliquely or partially flattened, it was possible by pressing the hedgehog on a group of apples to cause some to remain securely impaled. In a living hedgehog, in moments of excitement, the spines are spread out wide and rigid and there seems little room to doubt that they could pierce the skin of an apple as a result of moderate pressure.

Photograph by Neave Parker.

that a hedgehog may play with apples, the best substitute for a ball, or even with rounded pebbles. If the latter, anybody seeing it would take no particular note and the event would go unrecorded. The first of our three stages does not, therefore, transcend the bounds of credibility. As to the second stage, a hedgehog rolling on the apples, one recalls immediately

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# NEWS EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD RECORDED BY CAMERA: A SURVEY OF ROYAL AND OTHER OCCASIONS.



GREETING BRITISH SCOUTS IN CAMP AT LUNTEREN: H.M. THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS DURING HER INSPECTION OF THE 600 SCOUTS AT THE INTERNATIONAL CAMP "MOTONDO." From August 5 to 15 an international scout camp, in which 600 scouts from sixteen countries participated, was held at Lunteren, in the Netherlands. Organised by the Salvation Army, the camp, called "Motondo," was under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Kaare Westergaard, international youth secretary of the Salvation Army and connected with the International headquarters in London. H.M. the Queen of the Netherlands inspected the camp, and is shown in our photograph with the British contingent, whose leaders were introduced to her.



ADDING TO HIS LAURELS AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: LIEUT.-COLONEL H. M. LLEWELLYN, WITH MONTY COMPETING IN THE INTERNATIONAL JUMPING COMPETITION. Lieut.-Colonel H. M. Llewellyn, who was in the jumping team that brought back Britain's only Gold Medal from the Olympic Games, competed in the Dublin Horse Show (August 5-9), where he received an ovation from the crowd. In the International Jumping Event he was placed third on Monty and fifth on Monarch. He made the best times, but incurred four penalties. He also led the British team to victory in a special international contest substituted for the Aga Khan Cup event, in which the U.S. team was second and the Irish Army team third.



EXPLORATION UNDERGROUND: THE WINCH EQUIPMENT INSTALLED FOR THE DESCENT OF THE GOUFFRE DE LA PIERRE SAINT-MARTIN IN THE PYRENEES.

On August 9 M. Marcel Loubens was lowered 1240 ft. into the Gouffre de la Pierre Saint-Martin, near the Spanish frontier in the Western Pyrenees. The expedition has been organised by M. Max Cosyns, the Belgian physicist, and M. Norbert Casteret, the French speleologist, who hope to trace the course of a subterranean river.



KOREA'S FIRST POPULAR BALLOT FOR A PRESIDENT: MRS. SYNGMAN RHEE RECORDING HER VOTE WITH HER HUSBAND.

The first Presidential election in South Korea was held on August 5 and resulted in Dr. Syngman Rhee being returned to office with a total of 5,000,000 votes out of an electorate of just over 8,000,000. His chief opponent, Cho Bong Am, a former Communist, who stood as an Independent, received about 1,000,000 votes. He is seen above with his wife at a polling station.



ENGAGED TO MR. ANTHONY EDEN: MISS CLARISSA SPENCER CHURCHILL, A NIECE OF THE PRIME MINISTER.

The engagement was announced on August 12 of Mr. Anthony Eden, Foreign Secretary, to Miss Clarissa Spencer Churchill, daughter of the late Major John Spencer Churchill and the late Lady Gwendeline Spencer Churchill, and a niece of the Prime Minister. Miss Churchill, who was born in 1920, worked during the war at the Foreign Office decoding telegrams. The marriage will take place shortly.



SENTENCED TO 2½ YEARS' IMPRISONMENT FOR STEALING 34 SHILLINGS AND A TAXICAB: DEREK SMITH AND PETER STINNER BEFORE THE KOBE COURT.

Two naval ratings from the cruiser *Belfast* were recently sentenced to 2½ years' imprisonment by a Japanese civil court on charges of stealing about 34 shillings and a taxicab. On August 5, Mr. Eden summoned the Japanese Ambassador to the Foreign Office and made strong representations for their release. Sir Esler Denning, British Ambassador to Tokyo, was also instructed to protest against the "excessive and unjustifiable" sentence. The men have been visited by the Ambassador's representative and are reported to have been well treated.



THE NEW SOVIET AMBASSADOR DRIVES TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE STATE LANDAUS WHICH CONVEYED MR. GROMYKO AND MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF, PASSING LIFE GUARDS EN ROUTE FROM THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY ON AUGUST 7.

Three State landaus with horses from the Royal stables, in accordance with traditional custom, conveyed M. Gromyko, the Soviet Ambassador, from the Russian Embassy to Buckingham Palace on August 7, when the Ambassador presented his letters of credence to her Majesty. The Ambassador and seven senior members of his staff were presented to the Queen by Mr. Eden, and remained at the Palace for some fifteen minutes. During the drive from the Embassy the procession passed Life Guards returning to Knightsbridge Barracks from Whitehall.



## SOME PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.



TO ATTEND THE ROYAL CHILDREN: DR. SHELDON.

New appointments to the Queen's Household include that of Dr. W. P. H. Sheldon, a child specialist, to attend the Royal children, under the title of physician-pediatrician. He is head of the Children's Department, King's College Hospital, and a physician at Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children. He has already attended the Duke of Cornwall.



EGYPT'S THREE REGENTS: GENERAL NEGUIB (SECOND FROM LEFT) WITH THE REGENCY COUNCIL—PRINCE ABDUL MONEIM (CENTRE, RIGHT), BAHÍ ED-DIN BARAKAT (RIGHT) AND COLONEL RACHAD MEHANNA (LEFT).

The Egyptian Provisional Council of Regency, composed of Prince Abdul Moneim, Bahí ed-Din Barakat, and Colonel Rachad Mehanha, was sworn-in on August 5 before the Council of Ministers at the Abdin Palace. The Regents afterwards received Ministers in the Throne Room and assumed from that moment the constitutional powers.

(Continued opposite.)



SIR HESKETH BELL, G.C.M.G.

Died on August 1, aged eighty-seven. He entered the Colonial Civil Service in 1883, and held appointments in the West Indies and the Gold Coast. Commissioner of Uganda in 1905 and first Governor of the Protectorate in 1907, he was Governor of Northern Nigeria, 1909, of the Leeward Islands, 1912, and of Mauritius, 1915.



SIR JOHN CHANCELLOR, G.C.M.G.

Died on July 31, aged eighty-one. Educated at Woolwich, Sir John Chancellor had a distinguished military career as a regimental and staff officer. He was appointed Governor of Mauritius in 1911; of Trinidad and Tobago in 1916, and became first Governor of Southern Rhodesia in 1923; and was High Commissioner for Palestine, 1928-31.



DR. JOHN WALKER.

Appointed Keeper, Department of Coins and Medals, British Museum, in succession to Mr. E. S. G. Robinson, who has retired. Dr. Walker, who studied Semitic languages at Glasgow University, is an authority on Semitic epigraphy, and a Hymyarite scholar. He has completed the first volume of the British Museum catalogue of Mohammedan coins.



MR. JEFFERY FARNOL.

Died on August 9, aged seventy-four. Mr. Farnol, the romantic novelist, began to write when aged nineteen. He worked in New York as a theatrical scene painter, and returned to England in 1910, when his "The Broad Highway" was published and became the first of many "best-sellers," including "The Chronicles of the Imp."



A FAMOUS "MALE IMPERSONATOR": MISS ELLA SHIELDS.

Died on August 5. Miss Shields, the well-known "male impersonator," was born in Baltimore in 1879, made her first stage appearance in 1898, and her English debut in 1904. Her most famous song was "Burlington Bertie from Bow." In 1948, with the "Thanks for the Memory" company, she appeared at the Royal Variety Performance at the London Palladium.



LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON FOR A VISIT TO THE U.S.: KING FEISAL OF IRAQ (LEFT) WITH HIS UNCLE.

King Feisal of Iraq, who has been in England since 1947, first at a preparatory school and afterwards at Harrow, left Southampton on August 7 in the liner *Queen Mary* for a visit to America at the invitation of the United States Government. He is being accompanied by his uncle, Abdul Illah, the Prince Regent of Iraq. Their stay in the United States is to last five weeks.



ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED: THE EARL OF DALKEITH AND MISS JANE MCNEILL.

The engagement was announced on August 6 of the Earl of Dalkeith, only son and heir of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and Jane, only daughter of Mr. John McNeill, Q.C., and Mrs. McNeill, and a niece of the Countess of Dudley. The announcement of the engagement was delayed for a few days because of the death of Lord Francis Scott, great-uncle of the Earl of Dalkeith.



THE BRITISH NAVAL C.-IN-C., THE MEDITERRANEAN, IN JERUSALEM: ADMIRAL EARL MOUNTBATTEN (THIRD FROM LEFT) AT A DINNER GIVEN BY MR. BEN-GURION (FIFTH FROM LEFT).

Our group, taken at the dinner given in honour of Admiral Earl Mountbatten, British Naval Commander-in-Chief the Mediterranean, in Jerusalem on July 29 shows (l. to r.) Major-General Yadin, Israeli Chief of Staff; Mrs. Sharett, wife of the Israeli Minister of Foreign Affairs; Admiral Earl Mountbatten; Lady Evans, wife of the British Minister to Israel; Mr. Ben-Gurion, Israeli Prime Minister; Mrs. O. C. W. Fuhrman, wife of the Australian Minister to Israel; and Dr. Dov Joseph, Israeli Minister of Commerce and Industry. Lord Mountbatten's visit to Israel was a courtesy one, but he met political and military leaders.



WITH THE BRITANNIA CUP, WHICH THEY WON AT COWES: CAPTAIN FRANKLIN RATSEY, R.N., AND THE CREW OF HIS SIXTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD CUTTER *ZORAIDA*.

*Zoraida*, owned and sailed by Captain F. Ratsey, R.N., won the Britannia Cup, the challenge trophy presented to the Yachting Association by his late Majesty King George VI., in a close race from *Alitia*. The crew, who include Surgeon Lieut. Cotter, of H.M.S. *Finisterre*, a petty officer and a rating from the same destroyer, and a septuagenarian retired Army officer, were presented to the Duke of Edinburgh after he had handed over the trophy. The cup is a challenge trophy, but the Queen has given a replica to be retained by *Zoraida*.



## KING HAAKON'S 80TH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS.



A SPECIAL THANKSGIVING SERVICE TO MARK KING HAAKON'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY: THE SCENE IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF OSLO ON AUGUST 3. THE KING CAN BE SEEN SEATED TO THE RIGHT OF THE ALTAR.



A ROYAL BIRTHDAY GROUP AT OSLO PALACE: (L. to r., seated) Princess Ingeborg of Sweden, King Haakon of Norway, the Dowager Queen Alexandrine of Denmark, King Gustav Adolf of Sweden, Crown Princess Maertha of Norway, and Princess Dagmar of Denmark. (Second row) Prince Harald of Norway, Princesses Ragnhild and Astrid of Norway, Prince and Princess Viggo of Denmark, and Princess George of Denmark. The back row includes: Master of the Hounds Castenskiold of Denmark, Prince George of Greece, Prince and Princess Jacques of Bourbon, Prince Axel of Denmark, Princess Margrethe of Denmark, Count and Countess Fleming of Rosenberg, Denmark, Prince Carl Bernadotte of Sweden, Prince George of Denmark and Crown Prince Olav of Norway.



AT THE ROYAL BANQUET IN AKERSHUS CASTLE: (AT THE TOP TABLE, L. TO R.) PRINCE AXEL OF DENMARK, CROWN PRINCESS MAERTHA OF NORWAY, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, THE DOWAGER QUEEN ALEXANDRINE OF DENMARK, KING HAAKON, PRINCESS INGEBORG OF SWEDEN, PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE, PRINCESS DAGMAR OF DENMARK AND PRINCE HARALD OF NORWAY.

King Haakon VII. of Norway, the oldest and longest-reigning monarch in the world to-day, celebrated his eightieth birthday on August 3. From early morning his people paid homage to their beloved King whose forty-seven years' reign has brought the monarchy to unprecedented popularity. At noon the King received at the Royal Palace representatives of Parliament, the Government and the Supreme Court, who presented their gifts and addresses. Later, defying the rainy weather, the King drove in an open car through the decorated streets of Oslo and smiled and waved to the cheering crowds. On the following day, August 4, the Norwegian Government honoured King Haakon with a banquet at the illuminated and flower-decorated Akershus Castle. The banquet was attended by 400 people, including eighteen Royal guests, representatives of the Diplomatic Corps, members of the Cabinet and the Storting, and the heads of the Services. The Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Kent arrived in a *Comet* airliner from Helsinki in time to attend the banquet.

## EX-KING FAROUK AND HIS FAMILY ON CAPRI

Ex-King Farouk of Egypt, now known as Prince Farouk Fuad, announced on August 7 that "for the time being" he intends to remain on Capri, where he has been staying since his abdication and exile with his wife, Princess Narriman, their infant son, the new King Ahmed Fuad II., and his three daughters by his first marriage. Prince Farouk has said: "I want to make it clear that it is I alone who am in exile. My wife and children are free to return to Egypt. Neither my wife nor her parents are exiled." On August 5 the Egyptian Cabinet issued a decree impounding ex-King Farouk's vast properties in Egypt. Their value is estimated at more than £100,000,000. The extent of his properties has been a closely-guarded secret. The Cabinet ruled that Prince Farouk must not touch his estate or other property in Egypt or conduct any business through private firms or other agencies, pending further investigation.



EX-KING FAROUK AND HIS FAMILY ON CAPRI: (L. TO R.) PRINCESS FAWZIEH, PRINCESS FERIAL—STANDING BEHIND PRINCESS NARRIMAN, PRINCESS FADIA, THE INFANT KING AHMED FUAD II. (IN NURSE'S ARMS) AND PRINCE FAROUK FUAD.



JOINING THE CROWD IN CAPRI'S MAIN SQUARE: PRINCE FAROUK FUAD (RIGHT), PRECEDED BY HIS WIFE, PRINCESS NARRIMAN (LEFT, IN DARK DRESS).



WITH THEIR FRENCH GOVERNESS ON CAPRI: THE THREE DAUGHTERS OF PRINCE FAROUK FUAD BY HIS FIRST MARRIAGE—(L. TO R.) PRINCESS FERIAL, PRINCESS FAWZIEH AND PRINCESS FADIA.



# SPORT, MODERN INVENTION, ADVENTURE AND EXPLORATION, AND A DISASTER: NEWS IN PICTURES.



THE QUEEN SEEN *GAY TIME* UNSADDLED AFTER WINNING AT GOODWOOD: THE COLT'S FIRST RACE IN HER MAJESTY'S COLOURS. *Gay Time* (Rockefella-Daring Mist), which her Majesty has leased from the National Stud, is not expected to run again till he meets *Talvar* in the St. Leger. *Gay Time* was second to *Talvar* at Epsom and at Ascot, and won the Gordon Stakes at Goodwood.



WITH THE *JAGUAR* XK 120 3-LITRE SALOON IN WHICH THEY BROKE RECORDS AT MONTHERLY: THREE OF THE DRIVERS, LESLIE JOHNSON, JACK FAIRNESS AND BERT HADLEY (L. TO R.), THOUGH RETAINING THE THREE DAYS, 15,000 KILOMETRES, FOUR DAYS AND 10,000-MILE WORLD RECORD, THE FIVE-DAY RECORD WAS LOST BECAUSE A BROKEN SPRING HAD TO BE REPLACED FROM THE PIT. THE RULES STATE SPARE-USED MUST BE CARRIED IN THE CAR.



THE AGA KHAN'S UNBEATEN COLT *TELTAAR* (FERHAN-NEGRONANT) WINNER OF THE DERRY, THE KING GEORGE VI. AND QUEEN ELIZABETH STAKES AND OF £60,396 IN STAKES, WHICH WILL MEET *GAY TIME*, WHICH HER MAJESTY HAS LEASED IN THE ST. LEGER, LAST CLASSIC OF THE SEASON. C. SMIRKE IS UP.



THE LONDON ZOO'S PENGUIN CHICK: *TIBBY*, THE MALE PENGUIN IN CHARGE OF THE BABY HATCHED FROM THE EGG LAID BY *MARY*. The baby penguin, which began to peck its way from its shell at the London Zoo on August 7, had emerged completely by August 8, and the male bird *Tibby* is guarding him. No penguin chick has as yet been reared at the London Zoo.



ON THE NORTH OF CLAWING ISLAND, ON THE EAST COAST OF GREENLAND, NEAR THE 75TH PARALLEL: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMP AT YOUNG SOUND, THE R.A.F. BASE FOR THE AIR-LIFT TO BRITANNIA LAKE.



AT THE CAMP AT YOUNG SOUND, GREENLAND: OF THE MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION. Young Sound, north of Clavering Island, is on the east coast of Greenland. Here the R.A.F. has established its base for the air-lift supplying the British North Greenland expedition which is to explore the ice-cap from the recently-discovered Britannia Lake in Queen Louise Land, some 200 miles beyond.



COMMANDER C. J. W. SIMPSON (LEFT), WITH SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION WHICH IS TO EXPLORE THE ICE-CAP. beyond. On August 5 a *Sanderland* flying-boat, piloted by Squadron-Leader J. S. Higgins, successfully alighted on Britannia Lake after a hazardous descent. The lake, where the expedition's base camp will be sited, is normally free of ice for only six weeks in the year.



IN GREENLAND: A GENERAL VIEW OF STORES AND EQUIPMENT AT YOUNG SOUND: A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION CAN BE SEEN USING A THEODOLITE. IN THE BACKGROUND ARE *SUNDERLAND* FLYING-BOATS AT THEIR MOORINGS.



A WELL-KNOWN CORNISH LANDMARK PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL TRUST: LANYON QUOIT. A MEGALITHIC MONUMENT ON A HILL BETWEEN PENZANCE AND ST. JUST. Lieut.-Colonel E. H. W. Bolitho, of Terraviva, Penzance, Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall, has given Lanyon Quoit and the land on which it stands to the National Trust. The Quoit is a megalithic monument, dating from about 1500 B.C., and stands on a hill near the road between Penzance and St. Just. The capstone is 17 ft. long and 8 ft. broad, and is supported by three stones about 5 ft. high.



AFTER AN ACCIDENT IN WHICH A BABY WAS KILLED AND THIRTEEN INJURED: THE LATEST MINIATURE RAILWAY IN ALEXANDRA PARK WHICH OVERTURNED. A twelve-month-old baby was killed and thirteen other people injured, some seriously, when the first of three coaches of a miniature train at Alexandra Palace Park, London, left the rails, struck a tree and overturned on August 10. There were more than thirty passengers in the three open coaches, which were being drawn by a petrol-driven engine.



READY TO MAKE HER MAIDEN FLIGHT: BRITAIN'S LARGEST AIRCRAFT, THE 140-FOOT SAUNDERS-ROE *PRINCESS* FLYING-BOAT (LEFT) AT COWES. Britain's largest aircraft, the 140-ton Saunders-Roe *Princess*, which has been under construction at Cowes, Isle of Wight, since 1946, is expected to be launched in the near future and to make her maiden flight when weather conditions permit. The *Princess* is bigger than the *Endeavour* and can take over 100 passengers. Our photograph also shows an unfinished sister-ship (right).



A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH INDICATES THE BREADTH OF RUSSIA'S NEW INLAND WATERWAY: THE VOLGA-DON CANAL, SHOWING THE STEAMER *RAZHNECH* DURING A VOYAGE. The Soviet Union is celebrating the recent completion of the Volga-Don Canal as a navigable waterway for big ships. Two other great canals are now in course of construction and are represented in Russian newspapers as absorbing the whole energies of the Politburo and furnishing proof that the Soviet Government is preoccupied only with peaceful things.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

MOST people evidently don't resent the launching of a new novel "with an introduction by . . ." For if they did, surely the practice would be given up. And as they don't, it would require great virtue in a publisher, and even more in a new writer, to abstain on principle. Such things must therefore be; yet none the less, it is a kind of intervention which affronts the reader, and (if it works at all) must give the writer an unfair advantage.

Of course, the novels thus extraneously propped are almost never bad. "It is a privilege," Lord David Cecil writes of *"The Return Home,"* by Rachel Trickett (Constable; 13s. 6d.), "to introduce to the public this beautiful book." Though one may feel it was a privilege to be declined, one can't demur; it is a beautiful and subtle story, in a quiet vein. At other points Lord David's comment is more vulnerable. As for the theme—that "no one is seduced or murdered" may be strictly true, yet on another plane seduction and desertion are the whole argument. I was reminded constantly of *"Mansfield Park."* The heroine, Christiana, is beguiled and left, as Fanny Price would have been left by Henry Crawford if his designs had flourished. Even the clash of atmospheres is there—the world of puritanical and simple worth, and its corrupt, quick-minded, sensitive invaders, with their shallow charm. Even, the Henry of the book (whose name is Nicholas) has a complacent sister . . .

I don't mean he is Henry Crawford up to date, nor that his sister Harriet resembles Mary, nor that Christiana as a person is like Fanny Price—nor that the echoes are deliberate—nor, above all, that there is any likeness to Jane Austen in the book itself. Its tone and colour are completely different, wholly original—and, I must add, comparatively faint. It is "subdued" because it wants the magic of relief—the gift for making everything stand out and seem of vital import; and it is rather slow for the same reason.

One can't say much about the plot. Christiana Hallam has grown up in Yorkshire, in the bosom of dissenting piety. She is a preacher and a minister-elect; she is calm, obstinate, naïve—a placid contrast to her brother, who has left the fold. When he returns this summer with his London friends, her first thought is to reconvert him. Instead, by delicate and fatal stages, she succumbs to love, or what appears to her simplicity as love. And it was really no such thing. Nicholas is an aesthete and collector; having absorbed this charming girl, in this supremely alien environment, he seeks fresh objects of appreciation.

Christiana is a most unusual heroine, and she is very good. Indeed, the Hallams are all good. And one, Aunt Tempe, shows the rarest gift; she talks, not much indeed, but in the very strain of nature.

"So Moses Was Born," by Joan Grant (Methuen; 12s. 6d.), tells a less likely tale with great facility and blandness. In ancient Egypt, as we know, true dreams and everlasting loves are *de rigueur*. Here they combine with Bible echoes, and with erotic farce on a grand scale.

The scribe is Nebunefar (conversationally Neb), who grew up as the heir of Egypt. After his father's death he vanished and was seen no more, and the Royal Widow took him to be murdered. She had fixed that up, to clear the way for her son Ramoses. But he has simply chosen to fade out, because his wife is delicate and childless and he loves her best, while the young Ramoses is all for power. Neb finds a magic sanctuary in the north, where he and Sensen become "ordinary"—which is the state of grace. And her untimely death leads him to cultivate the faculty of dreaming true.

Then, after eighteen years, he is recalled to Court about another problem of succession. Ramoses is not short of heirs. He was a diffident, aggressive boy, afraid of his new rôle, afraid of women, therefore hell-bent on showing himself extraordinary to the highest pitch. So he has children without end, by wives and concubines unnumbered; but they just won't do. His heart is set on a Winged Pharaoh—a warrior-initiate, a Son of Horus. This child has now been promised in a dream. It will be born, he knows, of a first meeting, and there was something else about the moon. . . . So he must have a virgin every night, for a full month. Neb will attend the births, and pick out the divinity.

Moses I leave to your imagination. It is a smooth affair, blending discrete effects with homogeneous assurance.

"Land from the Sea," by Showell Styles (Faber; 12s. 6d.), appears quite topical by contrast. It starts with Wellington in the Peninsular. One moment Julian Fettes is on the road to fame—next moment he is finished. What has a one-armed officer to do but drink? Julian, at twenty-three, takes this in lieu of a profession, and has gone very far when he is pulled up by a double chance. He meets a Captain Pilfold, who has bought his old home, and an ex-publican named Westbrook. The Captain offers him a job—and Mr. Westbrook has a daughter Harriet. Julian had never been in love; he now makes up for it, is promptly cut out by a freak—the caperer he knew at Eton as "Mad Shelley"—and turns disconsolate to a forgotten duty. He has a letter to a girl in Wales, from her dead twin. There, he drops right into her feud with Madocks and his new embankment . . .

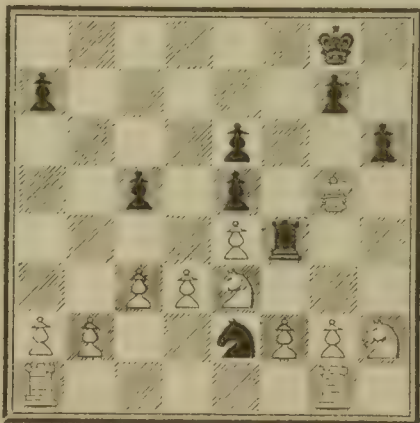
It is too desultory, but agreeable. And in its early battle-piece, and its unflattering but lively portrait of the youthful Shelley, it achieves great interest.

"The Tiger in the Smoke," by Margery Allingham (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.), is far more concentrated, more intense—and though a thriller, more aspiring. Its theme in brief is the pursuit of a ferocious convict in a London fog. Young Mrs. Elginbrodde, a sweet and lovely widow, was on the eve of a new match when the disturbing photographs began. They seem to show that Martin, her first husband, is alive, and fix a rendezvous at Paddington. Inspector Luke and Albert Campion, who is her cousin, are to meet her there, and seize the crook if he turns up. For it is almost certainly a fraud. . . . But when she cries out "Martin!" and he runs, they are pursuing not merely this evasive revenant, but someone behind—a tragic human tiger, with an *idée fixe* and a philosophy of Luck.

The sequel is too packed to be described. It is chockful of sanctity and horrors. And it is most exceptionally brilliant.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.



FROM this position in a game Hermann v. Hussong quoted recently in these notes, White continued 27. K-Kt6 and was brilliantly mated by 27. . . . R-B4! 28. PXR, Kt-B5.

Mr. S. John Rogers, N.W.6, however, points out that White could have escaped by 27. K-R5 and after 27. . . . K-R2 (the only plausible continuation), 28. Kt-Kt4 (either knight). For over twenty years, during which time the game has been frequently published in books and periodicals, it has been universally assumed that 27. K-R5, K-R2 would have left White completely helpless.

Even Alekhine failed to notice it, for it is authentically reported that he was deeply impressed by the game, which is now shown to be worthless.

An anecdote and three questions:

Brown challenges Bogimdownsky to a chess game by post, stipulating that Bogimdownsky pay £10 if he loses, £5 if the game is drawn; receive £5 if he wins. That Brown be allowed twice as much time per move as Bogimdownsky and that no stoppage of play be allowed on any account. Bogimdownsky, being a famous chess master, whereas Brown is a notorious duffer, sees nothing unreasonable in these conditions and accepts the challenge. Brown now approaches Crackimupsky, another master not on speaking terms with Bogimdownsky, with a similar offer, except that he has Black in one game, White in the other; and again the challenge is accepted.

First query: "Why is Brown on a 'sure thing'?" Because he only needs to send off Bog's moves as his own to Crack., and Crack's replies as his own to Bog., so that in effect the two masters are playing each other—and conceding Brown odds on the result!

Second query: "Has the same story been told in some other field than chess?" A friend of mine suggests it has.

Third: "Is there any feasible way in which Brown's scheme might be confounded?" I don't know the answers to these myself!

I had an uncanny experience at postal chess. Glancing at my incoming letters one morning, in a flash I knew that one was from a certain postal-chess opponent, the position in the game leapt to my mind, and I saw he had a crushing winning move. I opened the letter; it was from him, and he had made that move.

May sound trivial—but I had spent hours working on that position, moving the men about, and that crushing answer had never occurred to me—until, with no board or men within yards, that letter lay unopened before me!

## FROM SPAIN TO SCANDINAVIA.

"TAKE one portion of individualism, of the spirit of independence, courage, loyalty—this comes from our aboriginal forefathers, Celts and Iberians—then one portion of pride, of the sentiment of honour and the respect for tradition—this is Roman—then a portion of religious sentiment, the respect for hierarchies and dignities, spiritual and physical—this is Gothic—then take a rather generous portion of fatalism, warlike spirit and passionate emotion—from the Arabs—mix and shake well, heat and serve; and there's your Spaniard."

This admirable analysis of the basic elements of the Spanish character was made by a Spanish historian friend to Mr. James Cleugh, the author of *"Spain in the Modern World"* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 21s.). The other two books on Spain I review below are each excellent in their own way but Mr. Cleugh's is outstanding. For the Anglo-Saxon, the Spanish character is not easy to comprehend. He tends to mistake the Spaniard's invariable and innate good nature and courtesy for the pliability he has met in other Latin races, his good humour for natural gaiety. He finds least easy to comprehend the Spaniard's alacrity to sacrifice material advantages for questions of principle and honour. To my mind El Greco—for all that he was a foreigner—has most aptly caught the Spanish character on canvas. His aristocratic saints, as has been said, are all warriors and his equally aristocratic warriors all saints. They are, as Mr. Cleugh says, "utterly and sincerely devoted to a supernatural power. But the devotion is of the soldierly, the positive, not the refugee, negative type. The Spanish Catholic feels that he is under an obligation to serve and defend his God rather than depend on him. The crusade, not the cell, is his spiritual home." The basic religious nature of his outlook on life is not necessarily affected even if he is the sworn enemy of religion. This, plus the climate, plus the Arab fatalism to which Mr. Cleugh's historian friend referred, makes him (with the possible exception of the Catalan) by Northern standards, "lazy." But, as Mr. Cleugh says, "No one voluntarily overworks in Spain. No one, therefore, needs recurrent periods of convalescence in order to reknit a lacerated nervous system." It is this atmosphere, more even than Spain's extraordinary cheapness, which constitutes the attraction for Northern tourists who are prepared for a space to abandon themselves to it. Mr. Cleugh, in addition to analysing the Spanish character, provides an excellent short account of the history of Spain which created it and—even more valuable—an examination of the present institutions which reflect it. I recommend every would-be tourist to Spain to read this book before he goes—and take it with him to re-read on the spot.

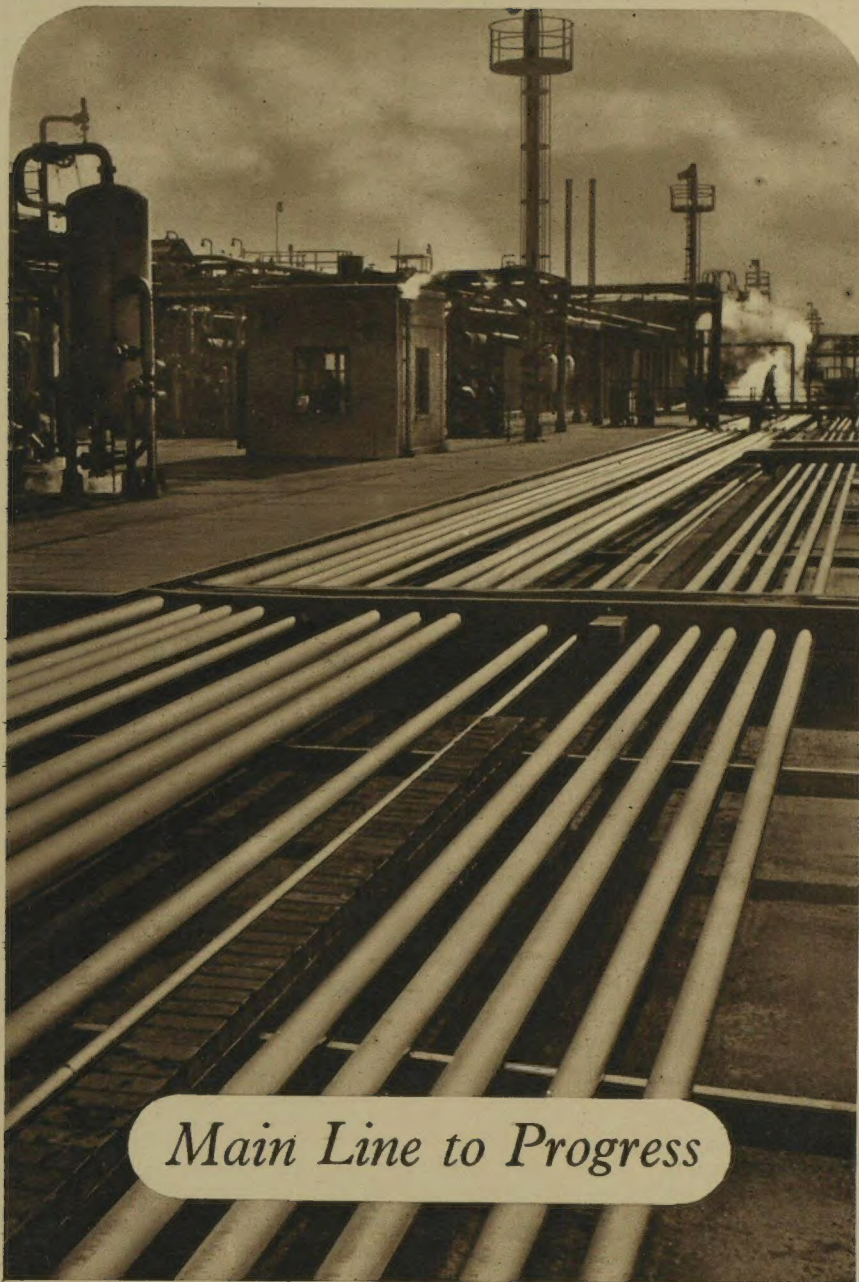
For the reader who wishes to study the historical background of Spain in greater detail, the new and revised edition of *"The History of Spain,"* by M. Louis Bertrand and Sir Charles Petrie (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 30s.), can scarcely be bettered. The first edition appeared in 1934. M. Bertrand has since died, but Sir Charles has brought the story up to date. In Mr. Cleugh's book, inevitably, there is little space for the well-nigh incredible tale of the Spanish discovery and conquest of America. And yet for an appreciation of the Spanish character, of Spanish civilisation as it exists to-day in the Spanish-speaking world, it is essential. Columbus, as is well known, conceived of his enterprise as part of the current crusade against Islam, which had just driven the Moors out of Spain. His objective was to link up with the Great Khan, the "King of Kings" of India, who was thought to be Christian, and thus take the Moslems in the rear. His feat, and the subsequent feats of the *conquistadores*, this handful of men with their sixteen horses and their war-dogs who conquered a continent, make almost fantastic reading and reveal the tenacity and courage (and cruelty) of the Spanish character. I have always thought that the fabled civilisations of the Aztecs and the Incas were grossly overrated. I am glad to see that the authors stress this point. "Can one regard," they ask, "as civilised the Peruvians, who did not know how to write, and who reckoned years and centuries by knots tied in cords; or the Mexicans, who used infantile hieroglyphics for history and chronology; peoples who had neither draught beasts nor beasts of burden, neither cows, cereals or vines; peoples who were not acquainted with the wheel, and had not reached the Iron Age; peoples among whom man was reduced to the rôle of a quadruped, whose bloody religion admitted human sacrifices, and who had markets for human flesh?" Well, I ask with the authors, can you?

In an entirely different genre, but no less revealing of Spain as she exists to-day, is Mr. Churton Fairman's *"Another Spain"* (Museum Press; 18s.). Here we have the *argumentum ad hominem*—the Spaniard of the people as he lives and moves and has his being. Mr. Fairman's wife is a Basque, one of those children who, by one of the most cruel and cynical pieces of Left Wing propaganda which even the modern world has seen, were brought to this country during the civil war. Mr. Fairman took his wife back to visit her family for the first time since childhood and from the simplicity of this Basque household they moved through Spain, living with the people, sharing their work and their *fiestas* until ultimately they came to Seville during the Semana Santa. Mr. Fairman's love of Spain is that of a man who has become one of a family. He writes attractively and as a photographer he is remarkable. I gather that the many fine photographs in the book are to form the nucleus of an exhibition in London this autumn. I hope I shall be among those present.

Nothing could be more different in appearance from the Spanish than the mild Scandinavian landscape, and nobody more different in temperament from the Spaniard than the Scandinavian. Mr. Eric de Maré's *"Scandinavia"* (Batsford; 21s.) reflects this contrast. The very photographs in this well-written book look mild and almost dull by comparison with the harsh and exciting lights and shadows of Mr. Fairman's pictures. Spain, however, is as heady as its wines and those who prefer *schnapps* to *manzanilla* and *lager* to a *rioja* may find this pleasant book agreeably and instructively soothing.

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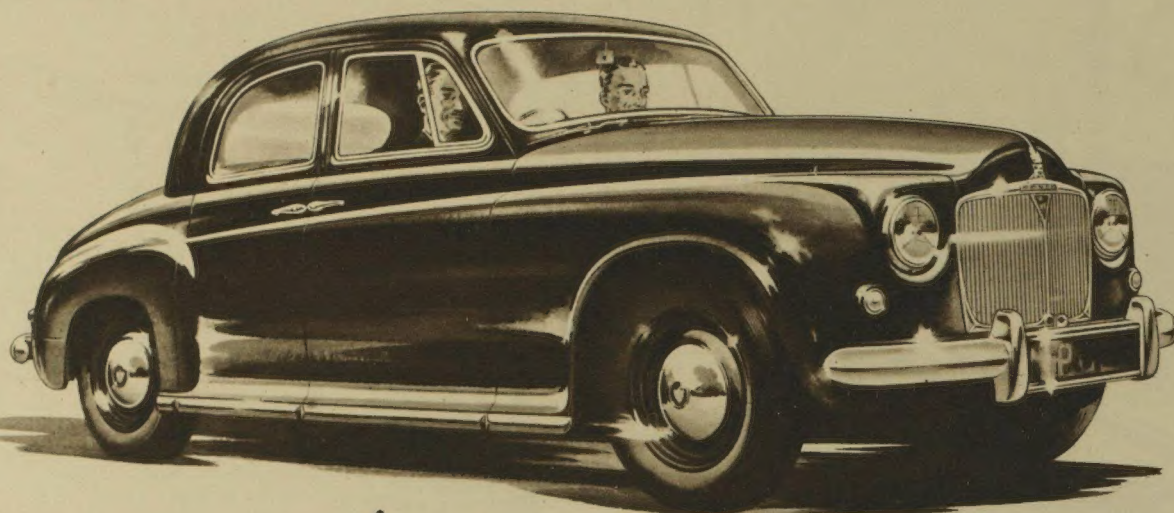
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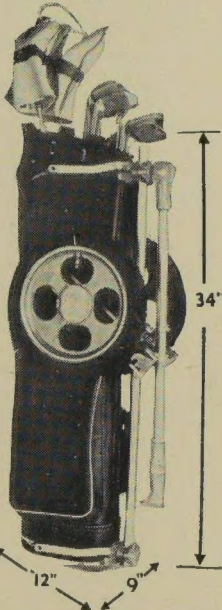


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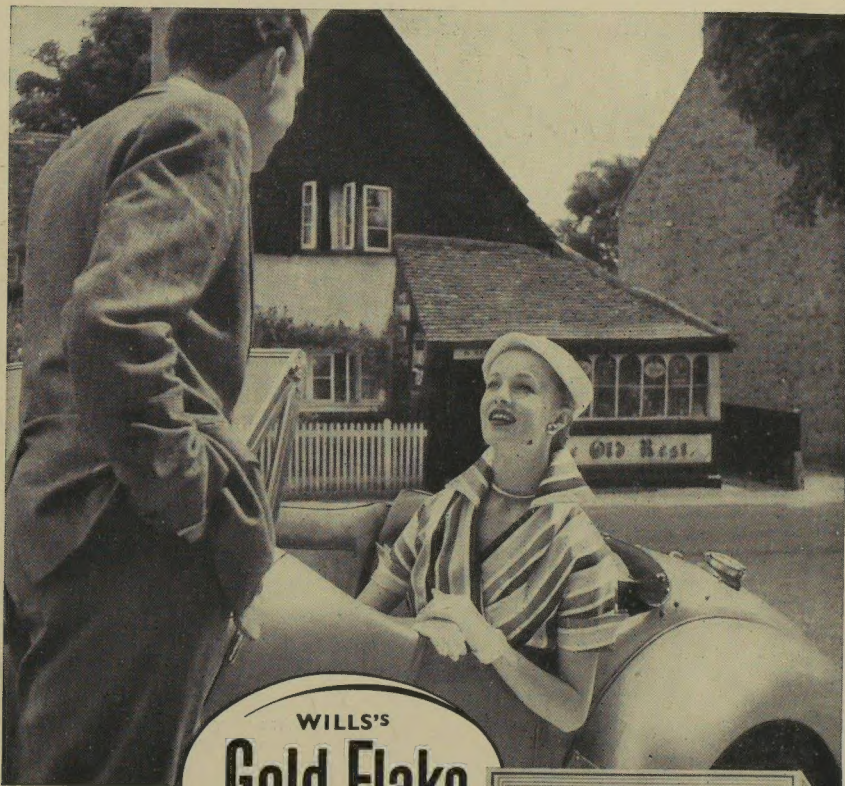


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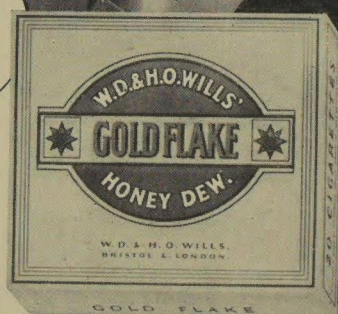
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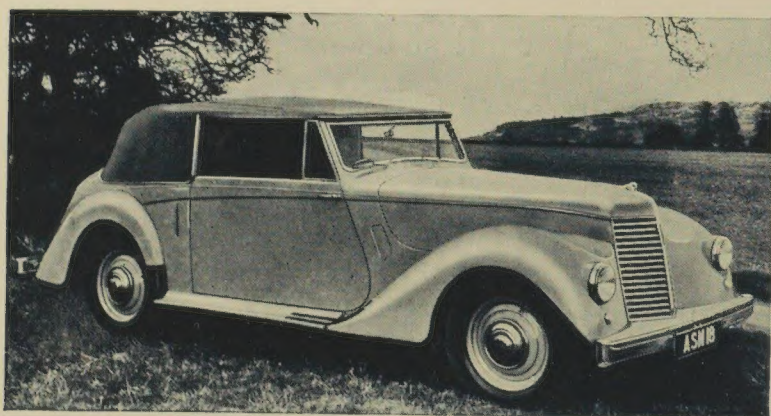
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